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"THE CHILD-PAINTER"; J. G. BROWN.

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET.

It is a singular fact that one of the most American of painters should be an Englishman, with a slight "burr" in his speech which tells of a Scotch strain in him as well. From New York to San Francisco, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, everybody knows J. G. Brown's life-like pictures of the New York newsboy and bootblack. His vivid portraiture of this waif of the pavement—the humblest part in the great business life of America—is stamped by something which makes them his own. It is easy enough to discover the secret of Brown's success. His pictures are, above all, human, and nothing interests us so much as humanity.

One does not have to dive very deeply into the mysteries to know that every art-worker must put into his work something of himself. It is this putting of his character into the thing that he produces which gives it special charm or value. It would be reasonable, therefore, to conclude that since J. G. Brown's boot-blacks and newsboys are such good, wholesome, light-hearted tatterdemalions, the artist himself must have a large share of these pleasant qualities.

He has; and his career is such a fine example of success, and of success in the face of

obstacles, that it is well worth telling as an example and an encouragement. To-day, when he is sixty-three years old, Mr. Brown is hale, hearty, and shows no loss of interest over his work. And the very latest of his pictures shows more spirit, finer composition, and a keener sympathetic grasp of the healthy side of boy life than anything he has painted.

What he has done with his art is well enough known. Let us see what the man J. G. Brown has done with his life. It will really be more interesting than any of his pictures.

In Bensham, a little town of Durham, in the north of England, a lawyer of modest means became the father of a boy baby on November 11, 1831. That baby, it need scarcely be said, has become the hale, well-preserved artist, with a full, curly gray beard, who paints newsboys in the Studio Building at 51 West Tenth street in New York city.

As one of his recent critics asserted, John G. Brown is a "born artist." But proof of this artistic talent declares itself earlier in some than in others. John Brown could draw before he could read or write. His father would speak of the boy's skill with his pencil when he thought the youngster was asleep, and often

took these first productions of his little boy to his office, and showed them to his clerks with evident pride. But in small country towns in the first half of this century parents were not apt to regard art as a desirable or paying field of labor. Mr. Brown was evidently this kind of a parent. For, when John was thirteen years old, and it was a question of his earning his living, he wanted to go into an engraving company. It was a regular money-making trade, but leaned to the side of

art. His father would not consent to this, and as a result of his father's objection young Brown was bound for seven years to a glass-company at Newcastle-on-Tyne. His family had removed to that English city when he was a one-year-old baby.

Apropos of his babyhood, before telling of his glass-working apprenticeship, one incident should be recorded because it left a lasting result which, in some degree, was an obstacle to the boy's success in the field of art. It is needless to declare that the obstacle has been bravely overcome.

He was just old enough to be able to walk a little. One morning he was pattering round in the kitchen in all the glory of a pair of new shoes. New shoes are slippery, while new walking legs are not absolutely sure. On the floor of the kitchen was a boiler, full of scalding hot water, and with the cover off. Of course, the time when the new shoes slipped and the baby legs gave way was when the child was near this caldron. Down he fell, his right arm went into the scalding water, and up went a prodigious howl of pain from the poor scalded baby. It was a frightful burn, and the doctor did not know how to treat it very well. "My mother says I cried from that burn for nineteen months," Mr. Brown says. That it was a serious one is evident



"STEADY!" (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

from the fact that his right hand has ever since been cramped and shortened, so that he can bend his fingers only very imperfectly. And that is the hand he has to use in painting. "In handling my brush I have to use it in one way rather than another on account of these contracted fingers," said Mr. Brown, "and that counts a little in the technic of my brush-work."

But if the boy's hand was almost crippled, nothing could cripple his pluck and determination. He was one of those boys with a "grip," who always make a success. And he had n't lost his taste for art, if he *was* an apprentice glass-worker in the grimy factory at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Happily his evenings were his own. So he attended the Government School of Design, as a persistent student in the night-class. The tuition was free. William B. Scott was his first teacher. Any illustrated London papers that he could secure he always greedily studied.

When some picture specially pleased him he would go to work and copy it. Noel Paton and Frost—prominent contributors to the illustrated press of those days—were his special favorites. He kept up this sort of thing during his seven years' apprenticeship.

At the close of the seven years he was a master glass-worker, and also a man; for he

completed his apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one. Then he went to Edinburgh, where he secured employment at his trade. But he



"A BROOMSTICK SOLO." (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

also found his way (who could have doubted it?) to the Government Royal Academy Schools, and devoted his evenings to drawing. It hardly seems necessary to call attention to the way in which this earnest young man, while following the trade on which he depended for his living, also advanced himself in the career which his heart had chosen when he was in

short clothes. Here is a lesson to those who feel that they could succeed in some pursuit that they like, if circumstances did not fasten them to another task.

Look at the way Brown managed the thing:

The evening classes at the Royal Academy Schools were from six to eight. His time at the factory was not up until six. Then he was tired after his day's work, grimy and moist from the sand and clay and sweat. He had to hurry home, wash himself, change his clothes, and walk a mile to the schools, as fast as he could, so as not to lose any more of the precious time of instruction than was necessary. And that is what he did night after night, for thirteen months. He used to go there in such a rush that for five or six minutes after he got into his place in the school, he could do no drawing—except of his breath. So he sat and panted, and listened eagerly to the instructor; and when the instructor, surprised that a pupil who was so attentive and earnest should always be a half hour or so late, inquired into the reason, his interest in the young glass-worker was increased.

Then came a proud and happy moment in Brown's life. One day he received an invitation to be present in the hall of the Art School at the giving of prizes. There were fifty or sixty glass-workers in the place where he was

employed, and they began to chaff the young fellow, and tell him he must have won a prize. "Well, if I have," he said good-naturedly, "I'll shy my hat in the air as soon as I come back, so that you'll know it." An hour later the door



"HE WANTS A BITE." (BY PERMISSION OF J. G. BROWN.)

of the factory was flung open, young Brown darted in with a fine honest smile of delight on his face, and he sent his hat whizzing into the air. They crowded round him, eager to hear. And they heard that their brother glass-worker, John Brown, had indeed won a prize of three pounds in the Art School competition!

When John Brown asks \$5000 for a picture to-day and gets it, the sum does not seem as big or as gratifying as did that prize of fifteen dollars. It was a turning-point in his career, the new impulse given to his sturdy courage by that recognition and assistance. The workmen hurrahed till the glass-house echoed, patted him heartily on the back, and felt they all were honored by his success. The Edinburgh papers had it on the next day. "A glass-worker named John G. Brown has won a prize at the Government Royal Academy Schools." The bosses of the factory, who dealt with the workmen through the foremen, and hence knew little of them personally, dropped in and asked to have the prize-winner pointed out. Some of them invited the successful young workman to their houses. Oh, how sweet it was! Honor, money, social success, to him the glass-worker, for his own work in art, the first fruit of his dogged devotion to painting. What wonder that it keyed him up!

After thirteen months in Edinburgh he went to London. Every young man in the United Kingdom with a particularly brainy head, and a fine plucky confidence in his ability to hew out his fortunes, drifts to London, just as in America clever young fellows from all parts of the country come to New York.

There in the vast metropolis the young artist made designs for a manufacturer of stained-glass windows, and also painted portraits. He was getting away from the glass-factory a little, and was taking a stronger hold on art. He was perfectly willing to paint a portrait for eight or ten dollars. He could finish two of them a week.

One night he heard Harry Russell sing some of his emigrant songs. Russell was a concert-singer of those days; he had a sympathetic voice, and sang popular songs. That settled it for young Brown. He would emigrate. He *must* "cross the wide blue sea." And he did. He arrived in New York on his twenty-second birthday, and he has been here ever since. As usual, when he made a change from one place to another, he at once sought for his art instruction in the new field. His three-pound prize, and his portrait-painting at ten dollars a portrait, had not yet enabled him to sink the artisan and

be only the artist. So he got employment in a glass-factory, and went to the night-classes of the Academy of Design, then on the southwest corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. Thomas S. Cummings had charge of these classes at that time.

So far young Brown's career had been very like that of the good young man in the story-books. Now, in the story-books, the good young man, as a rule, marries his employer's daughter. So that though this is always a most beautiful and delightful thing, it does not seem thrillingly novel or original on the part of the hero. Still, this is what J. G. Brown did, some two years after he arrived in America. He married Miss Owens, the daughter of his employer. They went to live in Brooklyn, where Mr. Brown took a studio on Atlantic and Clinton Streets. And after they had been one year married Mr. Owens died, and a year later came the panic of 1857, in which whatever property the Owens family had was lost. Mr. Brown is ever so much better able to endure these hard times, to-day when he is sixty-three, than he was then when he was twenty-six. But he went ahead, with the grit that has always marked him, painting portraits, and about this time he began to paint children, pictures of little boys and girls, with a "story" in them. His fondness for this class of subject brought it about that after a while he was spoken of as "The Child-painter." He is still entitled to this appellation, though his "tough" little newsboys and bootblacks are almost too bold and independent to be styled children. Most of them are little men.

One evening about this time Mr. S. P. Avery, the well-known art-dealer, invited Mr. Brown to his house. To this day the veteran artist recalls that evening as one of the pleasantest happenings in his career. He met a great number of artists, and he saw a house full of fine paintings. Later, Mr. Avery purchased one of Brown's pictures, and this was a great help and encouragement to the young artist.

In 1860, George Boughton, one of the best known of the American artists of a slightly older generation than this, gave up his New York studio to go to Europe for a year. Mr. Brown, then thirty years old, took the studio. Boughton is still in Europe, and Brown is still

in the studio, in the Studio Building, 51 West Tenth street, a tenant of thirty-five years' standing—the oldest in the place.

The next time Brown saw Boughton was

not to let Boughton know who he was. He wanted to see if Boughton would recognize in the graybeard of sixty the black-haired fellow of thirty who had taken his studio.



"TOUGH CUSTOMERS." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1893.)

thirty years later, when the latter was on a visit to this country, and was the guest of honor at a dinner given to him by the Lotos Club. He sat at Boughton's right, and had asked them

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. Boughton looked at him closely for half a minute. Then he said with decision: "You are John G. Brown." Not bad for Boughton!

About the time that Mr. Brown moved into the Tenth Street Studio Building, he got a little place at Fort Lee where he lived in the summer. This was after he was "The Child-painter." He loved to paint children playing in the bright country sunshine, finding the pure open air with the grass and flowers the best setting for their innocence. At this time John Sherwood, who built the Sherwood Studio Building at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue, chanced to see some of these pictures of children by Brown, and said to him: "Brown, I like these. Paint me a boy. I'll give you five hundred dollars for it."

This was a windfall to the young artist, to whom a sum like that still looked imposingly big. Through Mr. Sherwood he got several orders for pictures. Ever since that time Mr. Brown has been painting boys. It is not that he is fonder of little boys than of little girls, but the public seems to like pictures of the former better than of the latter. Possibly this is because little girls are not in the newspaper-selling line and do not black boots—and most of Mr. Brown's boys are shown as doing one or the other. Some of his own children, as well as his wife, have been models for his paintings. He has a family of several children, the youngest of whom is now eleven.

In 1862, Mr. Brown reaped adult honor. He was made an Associate Member of the Academy of Design, at whose night-school he had studied nine years before. The following year he was made a full member. In 1887, he was elected President of the American Water Color Society for a term of eight years.

Mr. Brown enjoys painting his roguish boot-blacks and newsboys, but although he has become well known for this class of subject, the thing he likes best to paint is something very different from these frolicsome youngsters. He likes painting old people, especially old women. And he likes to picture them in the surroundings of a country home, with all the

simple homely objects about them. But when visitors come to his studio, and he shows them these pictures, they look at them, praise them, and then say: "But won't you let us see some of your *boys*, Mr. Brown?" And it is be-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

PORTRAIT OF J. G. BROWN.

cause the public like the boys best that the artist paints them oftener than anything else.

In nearly all of these paintings there is a story, or else a note of feeling—something more than the mere ragged boys themselves. Here are two or three boot-blacks entirely busied over a canary which has escaped and which they have caught. Here they have stood a box on end, and are trying to teach a small fox-terrier to "stand up" and to "beg." In another, a bigger boy is keeping two smaller ones from fighting. And so on, through an endless variety.

These last two years have been bad ones for art. Art-workers are always the first to suffer

from hard times. Even people who have money to spend feel as if it would look wrong to buy pictures with it when there is so much suffering to be relieved. They don't think long enough to discover that if the artists don't sell their works in hard times artists have to suffer. Mr. Brown, aware of the "dull times" in art, used his brush on larger and more important compositions. One of these was his Academy picture recently, of a crowd of newsboys watching one of their number who is walking on his hands. Another is the "Sidewalk Dance." It is a common scene in New York streets. The newsboys and bootblacks seem to live in the open air most of the time, and so Mr. Brown's pictures of them are nearly always sidewalk scenes. But this canvas deals with little girls chiefly. In a tenement-house region let some organ-grinder sound the loud breezy notes of a waltz, and these tattered little girls suddenly clutch each other and whirl around on the hot pavement with a prim enjoyment that is marked. How in the world these small creatures of seven and eight know how to waltz is something to be explained! But some of them do waltz gracefully and in perfect time, as one may see for himself on any warm spring day. This painting is now on exhibition in Milwaukee.

Mr. Brown does all of his painting in the studio, and he does everything from life. If it is only a bit of orange-peel, a scrap of newspaper, a battered tin can, or what not, it is painted from the actual thing itself. There is a good strong light in his studio, and by increasing the effect in his painting, he makes his pictures look as if they were done out of doors.

He used to make sketches of things out of doors, with notes giving the color effects and positions, and so on, and then work on his paintings from the sketches. But a friend once said to him: "Brown, why don't you paint right from the model? The result is so much more natural." The remark struck Mr. Brown, and now he does everything from a model.

Mr. Brown used to get his models himself. He would seek them at Thirty-third street and Broadway, or around the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or in City Hall Square and Printing House Row. "And it was pretty hard to get them, sometimes," he said. "They naturally knew

nothing about posing as models to an artist, and thought I was guying them when I said I would pay them to come and stand still while I painted them. But now, some boys who have served a long time as models for me, but who have got too big to fill the bill any more, are still useful in picking out other boys who can serve the purpose. They know what I want, and never bring me the wrong kind of boy."

These pictures by John G. Brown are so popular, and there is such a sale of them as reproductions, that he has all his paintings copyrighted. He sends two small photographs of the painting, with the title written underneath, to the Librarian of Congress at Washington, and incloses a one-dollar bill. In this way he secures his rightful profits from the sale of the copies. Otherwise anybody who chose might copy one of his works, and keep all the proceeds from its sale. Sometimes Mr. Brown sells a copyright for several hundred dollars.

It seems almost unnecessary, after this account of Mr. Brown's career, to say that he is a hard worker. In one day he will have a sketch of a dozen or more figures entirely drawn in; and as he is very careful in measuring to secure the perspective, this shows what a rapid worker he is with his pencil.

His models come at ten in the morning and stay until three in the afternoon. By half-past three or four his day's work is over; and if you drop into his studio then, you will probably be kindly received, and will discover that he is a big, thickset man, with a genial face, gray beard, and glasses.

In these days of success, this painter of the bright gamins of the New York streets is still simple and genial. He has a warm feeling for a lively boy. "I used to be one myself," he says heartily, with his rich "burry" voice.

Sometimes his models give him not a little trouble by their ignorance of what he desires for his pictures. After he has started painting a boy with hair that frowsily strays over his forehead, the boy appears some morning with his hair cut close to the roots. Or they "dress up" to come for the pose; and instead of being interesting ragged urchins, they are only poorly dressed little boys whom one would hardly care to see either in a picture or out of it. It is no



"DRESS PARADE." (BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1893.)

use to tell them what to do and what not to do. "They forget before they reach the landing on the way out," says Mr. Brown, with a laugh.

It is to be regretted that the early sketches and paintings of John G. Brown were destroyed

by fire during his sojourn in London; but he has a number of sketches of children that were made over thirty years ago. One of them, a little girl in a skirt that stands out as if it belonged to the era of crinoline, is the present



"THE PASSING CIRCUS." (BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1883.)

wife of the artist. Those earlier child-pictures are sweeter, but not so strong as those of to-day. The titles that Mr. Brown gives to his paintings are perfectly in keeping with the subjects; and naming pictures is not easy.

"This is one of my models," Mr. Brown

Once he kept a boy for nearly an hour in a rather difficult pose, which he wanted to draw in so that he might go on with the work. Moreover, it was not one that was very tiring. But Mr. Brown was beginning to wonder if the lad could stand it any longer when he



"CLEAR THE TRACK!" (AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN. BY PERMISSION OF C. KLACKNER. COPYRIGHT, 1882.)

said one day to the writer, pointing to a ragged urchin, who looked as if he had walked out of the frame of one of the artist's pictures to take a rest in the armchair in which he was so comfortably curled up. "This is 'Pete.' The little rascal never took a bath in his life. When his hands and feet show in a picture he has to be washed up a little, as they are even too dirty to be picturesque." Pete grinned as if he was pleased with the distinction of being an absolute stranger to the bath. But he probably does wash his face and hands occasionally. His face was bright enough to deserve not to be hidden by dirt.

Mr. Brown is considerate of the boys, and does not make them pose too long at a time.

heard him carelessly humming a street air. The boy was "all right."

Although it is an artist's *work* that the public has to deal with, and his personality should not affect the judgment on this, one way or another, yet, as a matter of fact, interest in the artist creates an added interest in his work. It seems as if one who knows the career of John G. Brown, and the sturdy way in which he has made his own way in the world, must enjoy his bootblacks more than if he were ignorant of the hardy and amiable qualities which exist in him. There is certainly much in that career to admire, and much that deserves praise outside of his ability as an artist.

AUTUMN SONG.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

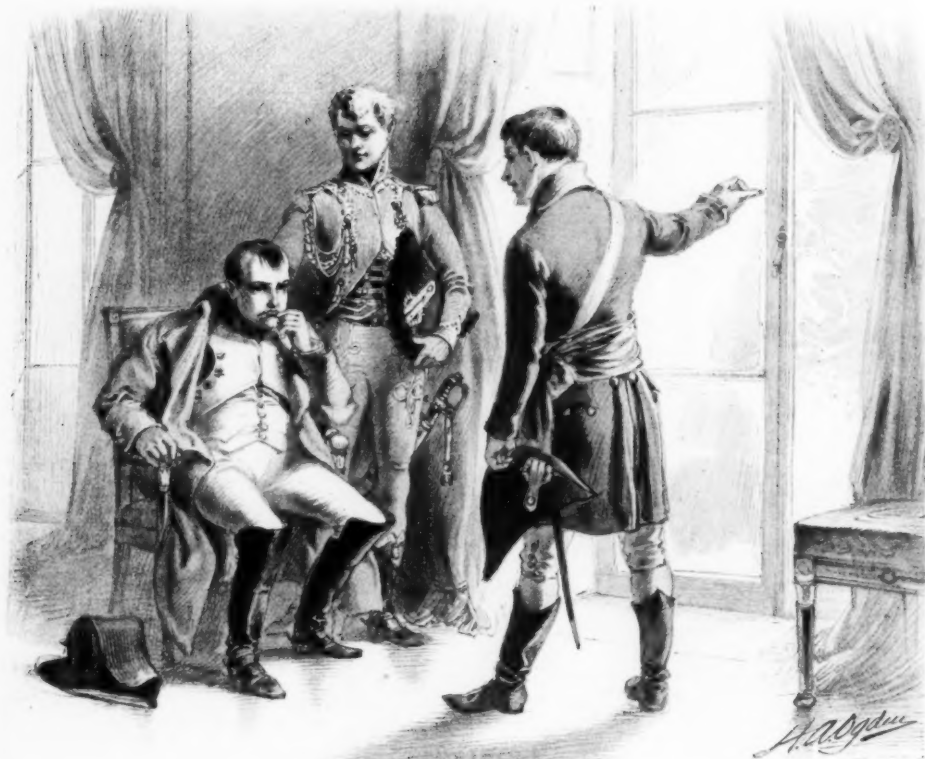
A SONG of the reaping-time,
Of the feast-days of the year;
A song of the grain and the well-filled wain,
And the husking-time that 's near.
Here 's hey, for a merry romp
In the brown old fields and vales!
And ho, for the mead where the cattle feed,
And ho, for the autumn gales!
A hunt through the tall, dim woods
For the fruit of the oak and vine;
A peep at the nest of the last redbreast,
And a call where the chipmunks dine.
A smile in the morning skies,
And a laugh in the streams that flow,
As they share their joy with the girl and boy
That to-day may a-rambling go.



"SPEAK!"

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



"TO-MORROW YOU MAY BE SAFE UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG."

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW PHILIP PLAYED STOWAWAY.

It was a stubborn fight with fate that went on in the gilded Elysian Palace in the street of St. Honoré in those bright days of a Paris June. An emperor was trying the hard task of ruling his own spirit; a conqueror was set to the bitter struggle of conquering himself. Than this there is no harder task in all the world, whether for boy or emperor.

And, in this fight, allies were not to be de-

pended upon; foes really were friends. For the first would have tempted the overpowered monarch to stand at bay against victorious Europe and distrusting France; the others were determined to drive him from France at all hazards. And, in his case, to go was his only safety; though had he died fighting for his lost crown, history would have given him even greater glory.

Then came the end, when his ministers set themselves up to be his masters; when those he had most richly rewarded became his keenest foes; when France refused to acknowledge as its

ruler a man twice overthrown; when from those to whom he looked for counsel came only lukewarm loyalty, false protestations, or unwelcome truth; when from anger at the unreliable Chamber of Deputies, whom he, like Cromwell, threatened to turn out "neck and heels," he would change to indecision, silence, even timidity, it was plain there was but one thing to do.

He did it. On the twenty-second of June, 1815, Napoleon signed a second abdication, proclaimed his little son, whom Austria had kidnapped, Emperor of the French, and three days later left Paris forever.

He drove to Malmaison, twelve miles from Paris, that beautiful estate, half palace, half villa, which had been the home of the Empress Josephine. Here Napoleon had spent many happy hours in his days of power and prosperity; here Josephine had died while he was at Elba; here the Emperor had planned out his greatest campaigns, his most glorious victories; and here Philip came to him.

Philip could not—he would not—renounce his loyalty, his devotion, his love. There are some natures which are truest when clouds are darkest and when days are most threatening. Such was the nature of Philip Desnouettes.

Such, indeed, were yet many of the people of France: old soldiers who had fought for the Emperor; old friends who had shared alike his pomp and his reverses, men and women who had sent their sons to die for France and the Emperor, and would not admit his weakness even now when fate seemed so set against him; boys who had been brought up to have faith in Napoleon's glory as in the sun, and would not believe there could be such a thing as an eclipse.

So Philip, loyal and hopeful still, followed the Emperor to Malmaison. He had almost had a falling-out with Citizen Daunou, because that stanch old republican had favored the removal of Napoleon and, with Lafayette, had cried for the restoration of the Republic.

Philip cared nothing for a republic. To him, knowing nothing of such a relief from tyranny, a government meant only the Emperor. So here he was, at Malmaison, ready to fight for the Emperor, if need be to die with him or for him, so constant was his loyalty, so deep his affection.

"Get me speech with the Emperor, young Desnouettes," a voice said at his elbow, as he was about to enter the palace; "I have something for his good."

Philip turned about. The speaker was Pierre the inspector of police.

"Is it you, Pierre?" Philip exclaimed; "what have you to say?"

"That is for his ear, yonder, my friend," Pierre replied. "Get me speech with him and quickly. Time presses both for him and me."

"So, my boy! it is you?" Napoleon exclaimed as Philip was ushered into his presence. "Ever faithful, you!" and he embraced the boy warmly.

The Emperor looked worn and oppressed, colorless and sad. Philip was almost startled at the change, but "My faith!" he said to himself; "think what he has gone through! Who would not look badly after such a strain?" And then he burst out with the feelings that were tugging at his heart.

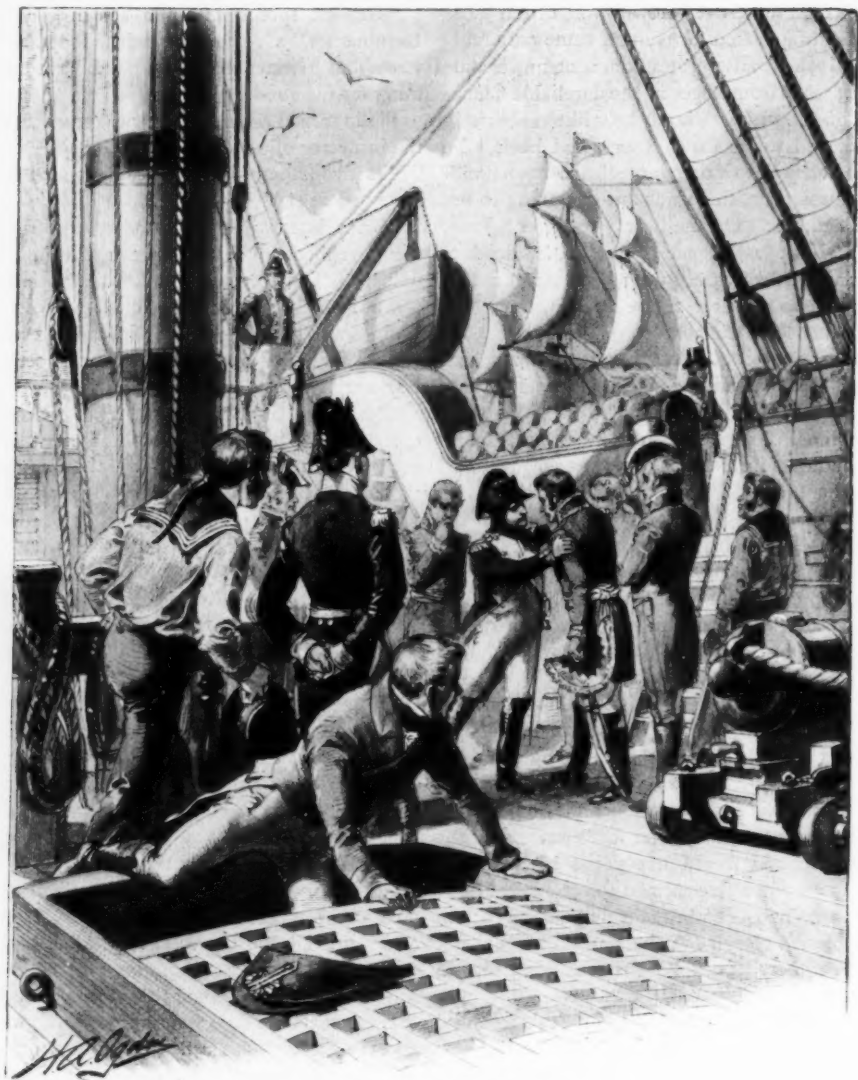
"I had to come, Sir," he cried. "My place is by your side, if you will but permit me. Use me as you will. See; I am ready. I will work for you; I will follow you; I will die for you. Your enemies are afoot. They plot your ruin. Bid me remain by you. I swear to kill the first traitor who dares lay hand upon my sovereign!"

Napoleon's eyes filled with tears as he listened to the excited boy's pledges of devotion. His listlessness gave way to interest.

"Brave boy!" he said. "Were there others like you I might yet save France! But no. They are all the slaves of the allies—those sovereigns of Europe whom once I spared, and who now dishonor themselves in persecuting me. Imbeciles! they would give me up to-day to save France—so they say; to-morrow they will give up France to save their own precious heads. I alone could retrieve all."

Philip fired with enthusiasm. "You can, Sir. You will. Your army is gathering almost within call. It will rally around you. In your soldiers yet remain patriotism and the hope of glory. They are for France and the Emperor. With you to lead them, nothing is to be despaired of."

The Emperor reflected. He was a sick man.



PHILIP BECOMES A STOWAWAY. (SEE PAGE 983.)

Already action was becoming a task. "A divided nation and all Europe to face?" he said. "It is too desperate a chance. I dare not plunge France again into war. And yet—we must think of it carefully, my Philip."

Then Philip remembered that Pierre was waiting. He communicated the young inspector's request.

"What!—he who is one day to be Minister of Police?" said the Emperor with a smile. "Bid him enter."

Pierre came speedily.

"At great risk I am come, Sire," he said, "for things are not going your way at headquarters. But while a chance remains to aid him who gave me my step, I seize it. I bring

you word from friends. I am charged with an offer for safety. See; at Havre waits an American merchant-vessel; her captain stays for you in Paris. Horses are ready. Everything is prepared. At your orders the captain will sail. To-morrow you may be at sea, safe under the American flag, secure from enemies, free to go wherever you choose. Sire, will you accept?"

Napoleon sat silent, then he said: "You are a clever one, Monsieur the Inspector. And you will swear to me this is not a blind—a plot? I thank you and my friends. It might be well. I could go to America—get some land—be a farmer—end my days in peace. Or, if the land of Washington rejects me, I could go to Mexico; I could lead the Independents there; perhaps found a new Empire of the West. But no," he said, shaking his head; "flight I disdain. It is not for me to skulk in secret from my foes. I have no fear. It is the duty of France to protect me."

Philip, too, was in doubt. He could not bear to think of his hero flying secretly from France. To him, indeed, France without Napoleon was as day without the sun.

"But, Sire," said Pierre, "reflect! the allies are marching on Paris. They will surround Malmaison. Blücher swears your destruction. At any moment his cavalry may cross the Seine, capture you, and carry you off. Listen! do you hear that? It is the sound of the Prussian cannon." As he spoke the distant boom of cannon fell upon their ears. The enemy was, indeed, at Compiègne.

The guns of his foemen acted like a tonic upon the Emperor. His indecision flamed into action. "The enemy at Compiègne?" he cried. "To-morrow he may be in Paris! It is time to act. Those people at Paris are fools and traitors. Boys; there are a hundred thousand of my soldiers behind the Loire. At their head I can conquer. Here, Philip; write! And you, Monsieur the Inspector, deliver the message I would send at once to those waverers at Paris. I may yet save France."

At the Emperor's dictation Philip wrote rapidly to the provisional government at Paris:

In abdicating power I have not renounced the noblest right of the citizen—the right of defending his country. The enemy's approach to the capital no longer leaves the

least doubt as to their intentions or their bad faith. In these grave circumstances I offer my services as general. I ask to serve France for the last time, and I swear to save her.

"There, Monsieur the Inspector," said Napoleon, signing the note, "give this to Caulaincourt. He is my faithful friend. It need not compromise you. Assure him that when the enemy is driven from France I will myself retire. Go."

"And the American vessel, Sire?" queried Pierre.

"It must sail without me. Now it is for us to save France."

Philip caught the Emperor's flash of enthusiasm. He hurried Pierre from the palace.

"But it is to no purpose, my Philip," the inspector said. "Fouché and those others at Paris will listen to no such splendid scheme. Above all else, they wish to get the Emperor away, and to make their peace with the Bourbons. They fear Napoleon, and, now that they have him down, will keep him down. He should have accepted my offer."

Napoleon was pacing his room when Philip returned; he was issuing orders with his old-time energy. So sure was he of the call from Paris, so filled was he with the idea of action and leadership again, that he dressed in his famous chasseur uniform, called his aides about him, had his horses saddled and in readiness to mount, and waited anxiously for the summons.

He paced the room restlessly. "Why does no answer come?" he cried. "Perhaps Caulaincourt could not arrange it. Captain Desnouettes, go you. Take one of the horses—hasten to Paris. See Caulaincourt—Fouché—any one. Tell them I am ready; arrange for my coming."

Philip caught the spirit of his master. He was soon riding in haste to Paris. The first official he encountered at the Tuileries was Davout, Minister of War—Davout, whom Napoleon had raised from a lieutenancy to be Marshal, Duke, and Prince of the Empire.

To him Philip told the Emperor's desire. The "butcher of Hamburg," as the Prussians called Davout, fumed with rage.

"You are fools—you and your Emperor!" he cried. "Tell Bonaparte to get out. We do

not want him. We have had far too much of him. We can neither fight nor negotiate while he remains. If he thinks he can be chief and master again, he is mightily mistaken. Tell him to get out, and speedily, or I will have him arrested, even if I have to grab him by the collar myself!"

Philip was almost speechless at such brutal and vindictive words from one of Napoleon's old-time friends and followers. Then he assumed his most dignified bearing.

"Monsieur the Marshal," he said, "I have too much respect for the Emperor and for you to carry such a message."

The War Minister turned on him savagely. "Who are you, boy?" he said. "What are you? An officer of France. I am your superior. Get you to the station at Fontainebleau straight, and there await my orders."

"Sir," said plucky Philip, "I take no orders from any one save my master the Emperor. I, at least, will not desert the man to whom others, even more his debtors, deny their oath of loyalty."

"Puppy!" the enraged marshal cried. "Do you brave me? I will punish you for this!"

"You shall not! I will give you no chance," Philip returned, quite as hotly. "I resign my commission as captain in the army. I notify you of this, Monsieur the Marshal. Henceforth I obey only my honor."

Then, turning, he sprang to his horse and rode to Malmaison, leaving the War Minister fuming with rage. And thus Philip threw away his commission.

"What?" cried Napoleon, when, as Philip returned to Malmaison, he read failure in the young man's face. "They do not refuse, do they?"

"They do, Sire," Philip replied, and told of his reception.

At first Napoleon blazed out in wrath. "Arrest me? Me? Davout?" he cried. Then the reaction came. He flung off his uniform; he sank into a chair. "Well, let them come," he said resignedly. "I am ready, if necessary, to lay my head on the block. I will be a sacrifice for France."

Again he sank into lethargy. Again Philip, alarmed for the Emperor's safety, dashed out

for news. He feared Davout might carry out his threat. But he learned of events even more serious.

"The enemy have surrounded Paris," he reported. "They have almost flanked Malmaison. Blücher swears to take you prisoner, and hang you in the sight of the invading armies. It is either fight here, or fly at once. Sire, which shall it be? We can defend you—we will—to the death! But it would be your death, too, for we could not long hold Malmaison against the enemy. Say but the word, though, and here we are, ready to shout, 'For France and the Emperor!' and die defending you."

Again Napoleon started to his feet. He drew his sword. "Let us defend ourselves, my friends," he cried. "Let us die for France. Alas!" he said, changing from energy to sadness, "it is of no avail. It would be but a useless sacrifice. The people at Paris have no patriotism. They have no energy. All is over. Let us go into exile."

Swiftly the orders were given. The Emperor assumed citizen's dress. He said good-by to his mother, his brothers, his household, little thinking he would never see them again. And that same evening two carriages drove from Malmaison, carrying Napoleon and his few personal friends to the sea-coast, where, it was said, a French frigate waited at Rochefort, to carry the discrowned Emperor to a place of safety.

Philip rode on the coachman's box, as in his palmy days of pagedom. He would not desert his hero.

The journey into exile was full of exciting adventures. Wherever he was recognized Napoleon was greeted with the hail that had ever been to him both incense and inspiration, "Long live the Emperor!" His exile was almost a triumph. Philip felt that if the Emperor would only rally his friends around him and make a stand, the return from Elba might be repeated. But it was too late. The old fire smoldered; its flaming up was only momentary. He still hoped against hope for a recall to Paris.

At last he reached Rochefort. He had delayed too long. Escape was impossible. The harbor was blockaded by the English fleet.

Then Napoleon, ever ready with devices, and quick with surprises, outdid himself in surprising. "I will board one of the English vessels," he said. "I will throw myself on the hospitality of England. General Gourgaud, you and Captain Desnouettes shall go to London for me. I will send a request to the Prince Regent."

Protests were unavailing. Napoleon had made up his mind. And then it was that he wrote to the Prince Regent of England the famous letter which Lamartine called "the appeal of a great soul struggling with the extremities of fate":

ROYAL HIGHNESS: A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great powers of Europe, I have ended my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to sit down beside the hearths of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies. NAPOLEON.

This was the letter which, accompanying General Gourgaud, Philip bore to London. The boy was well-nigh dazed with this unexpected decision of the badgered Emperor. The two officers sailed on a small vessel, which the English permitted to pass their blockade, and were soon in London.

Then Napoleon, bidding adieu to France,—to France which had once exulted in him, and now cast him out,—went on board the English frigate "Bellerophon," a guest, and not a prisoner, and sailed for England.

But England feared its dethroned rival too greatly to be magnanimous; it feared him too much to be hospitable. The ministers of the Prince Regent refused Napoleon's request. They had "the Corsican ogre" at last in their power. They would punish and imprison him.

So Philip's mission proved a failure; and when by the side of brave General Gourgaud, he rode into Plymouth, he felt that there was now neither safety, salvation, nor the hope of rescue for his Emperor. Already he knew the decree had gone forth that consigned the most marvelous man of modern times, the conqueror of Europe, the terror of England, to a lifelong captivity at St. Helena—that prison-rock across five thousand miles of sea.

Napoleon was transferred to the frigate "Northumberland." His protest was recorded: He wrote:

I am not the prisoner, I am the guest of England. . . I appeal to history. It will say that an enemy, who for twenty years had fought the English people, went of his own accord, in the hour of misfortune, to seek an asylum under the protection of their laws. What more striking proof could he give of his esteem and confidence? But how did England reply? It pretended to hold out a hospitable hand to its enemy; and when he had taken it, with confidence, England immolated him.

The Emperor's protest was of no avail. England was determined. Napoleon must go.

The farewells were said with all the accompaniment of tears and embraces that are a part of the impulsive French nature. "Farewell, my friends," said the Emperor. "Be happy. My thoughts will never leave you nor any of those who have served me. Tell France that I pray for her."

But where was Philip? Included among those who had been permitted to come on board the Northumberland to say good-by to Napoleon, he had no sooner felt the warm embrace of the Emperor than he had disappeared.

Half crazed with the defeat of all his high hopes; unable, yet, to feel that his Emperor's "star" had set; cast down by the refusal of the English to let him accompany his master into exile; tenderly commanded by Napoleon to go back to his sister and his home in Paris, Philip had taken a sudden and desperate resolve.

What were sister and home to him if this man he had so long served, revered, and followed was to be consigned to so monstrous a fate? He would go with the Emperor. They should not drive him away.

In the confusion of farewells and departure, while the calm, dignified, and imperial figure of the vanquished conqueror was the center of all eyes, Philip had slipped from sight.

Diving down into the hold of the great frigate, swiftly and unobserved, the boy hid himself among the orderly array of stores for the voyage that filled the vessel's hold. Good luck—the usual "Philip's luck"—favored his choice of a hiding-place. He had blundered upon a "snuggery" flanked on one side with chests of sea-biscuit and on the other by casks of water.

"Now, let them find me if they can!" Philip said. "Good-by, France."

Philip, still with the Emperor, was bound for St. Helena as a stowaway.

At least, that was his intention. But as with the Emperor, so with Philip. His "luck" had changed. When but a few hours at sea a prying seaman—"Bah! that imbecile!" Philip always said in parenthesis when he was telling this story, "what business had he to blunder upon my retreat?"—had discovered the stowaway, ignominiously dragged him from his hiding-place and marched him, like a criminal, before the officer of the deck.

There was scant time for explanations. A Dutch hoy was passing within hail and the next instant, as it seemed to Philip, he was unceremoniously flung over the side despite his frantic protest and his impassioned appeals to say farewell to his Emperor.

"But I did get one last glimpse of him in spite of those perfidious English and those pigs of Dutchmen," Philip said, in reciting his adventures. "It was after I had been tumbled neck and heels into the Dutch hoy. We were just casting off from the big Northumberland frigate. I lifted my eyes in despair. Just then my Emperor came on deck. In the distance the headland of Cape La Hogue rose dimly through the mist. The Emperor recognized the shore; he knew it was his last look at France. He stretched out both hands toward that misty coast-line as if in farewell. Oh, Mademoiselle, my sister, shall I ever forget that look, shall I ever lose the sound of that voice I loved so well! I could hear him plainly as he cried, 'Adieu, land of heroes! Adieu, dear France! A few less traitors and you would be mistress of the world!' Alas! it was my last sight of his face, my last hearing of his voice. For even as I would have cried out my farewell, those pigs of Dutchmen hustled me

below, and my Emperor was gone from me forever!"

With this last glimpse of the Emperor, our story of Philip Desnouettes comes to an end. His later adventures are full of interest, but they have no bearing upon the great historic character with whom thus far his boy-life had been so closely associated.

When "the White Terror," that fanatic revenge of the royalists, ran its short career of



"I WILL PUNISH YOU FOR THIS!" THE ENRAGED MARSHAL CRIED."

proscription and death in France, Philip and his sister, with Citizen Daunou, fled to America. There they joined certain of their exiled compatriots in founding in Texas one of those French refugee communities known as the "City of Refuge." One after another, these attempts in the New World at military republics sacred to Napoleon failed of success, and Philip and his sister drifted first to New Orleans and

then to Philadelphia. Citizen Daunou returned to France; Mademoiselle married one of the many friends she had met and made in the Crescent City, and lived and died a lady of New Orleans.

Pierre the Inspector became a royalist, and wore the white cockade, not from patriotism but from policy. "He who turns his coat has still a coat to wear," was his philosophic conclusion, in spite of Philip's indignant protests. And Babette—she too accepted the inevitable; and when Pierre rose to high honors, and became—not the Minister of Police as the Emperor prophesied, but chief and prefect—what do you think? He married Babette, and they were both of them loyal to the White Cockade of the Bourbons until the tricolor came in once more with the third Napoleon.

As for Philip, he became a merchant of Philadelphia; he changed his unhandy French name, "Desnouettes," which baffled everyone, into its Yankee equivalent, "Tyler"; he married an American girl, and lived a loyal and devoted citizen of his adopted country.

But, though he learned to look at things differently as he grew older, he never forgot his Emperor. Good American citizen though he became, the stirring experiences of his youth, when he was a lively young page of the

palace in the days of the splendid First Empire, were never forgotten by him.

In a small room in his big Philadelphia home, Philip kept what he called his sanctuary. In the center stood a bronze bust of Napoleon, draped with the tricolor, and surrounded with trophies of the days that were gone—not the least interesting of these trophies being the green-and-crimson suit of a Page of the Palace, and the light-blue uniform of a Lieutenant of Ordonnance.

Philip mourned the death of Napoleon, and treasured for years an unquenchable hatred against "perfidious Albion," as he persisted in calling the great English nation which he declared to be "his Emperor's murderer."

Though his preference was for a republic, he still did not conceal his joy when, by a questionable method, in the middle year of the century, the Bonapartist power came again to France.

"It is but retribution," he said; and old memories came crowding upon his mind when at the head of the Second Empire reigned, as Napoleon the Third, the brother to that same bright little fellow for whom, in days long gone, Philip had danced "zig-zag" on that never-forgotten June morning when, beneath the chestnuts of St. Cloud, the ragged boy of the Street of the Washerwomen first met "Uncle Bibiche."



THE END.



AN ANCIENT TABLE.

BY ZITELLA COCKE.

"I HAVE a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old;
And though it has stood
So long, 't is as good
As the finest of gold!"

"O, Arthur, your table,
I fear, is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found?
Now tell,—honor bright!"

"'T was found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel;

And learned folk say
That wise old Hindoos
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"

"Why, Arthur," said Mabel,
"Do show us this table
That 's older than Egypt—as old
as creation!"

"My table is square,
Not round:—to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know,—
This very old table, called
Multiplication?"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton-spinning into the United States; and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell Institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.

The father of James Russell Lowell was a Boston clergyman of high character and fine training; and his mother, who was descended from an Orkney family, had an ardent appreciation of poetry and romance, which she was able to transmit to her children. The boy grew to manhood in Cambridge, then little more than a straggling village.

At the age of eight or nine he was sent as a day-scholar to a boarding-school in Cambridge, where the boys were made to work hard. To the training and to the instruction received at this school Lowell owed much in after life. It happens that two or three of the letters he wrote then to a brother away from home have been kept, and they show that he was already fond of books, often thinking about them, and always glad to get them. In one letter written before he was ten, he tells his brother that their mother has just given him the three volumes of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and he declares, "I have got quite a library."

At the age of fifteen he entered Harvard. This was in 1834, and in 1836 Longfellow came to the college to teach literature, succeeding Ticknor, as Lowell was to succeed Longfellow a score of years later. At Harvard, Lowell was not a diligent student; he liked better to read what interested him than to master the tasks set for him in the college books. Spenser was already a favorite poet of his, and he seems

early to have entered on the study of Dante, which was to be a life-long pleasure to him. He began to rhyme for himself, and in his junior year he wrote the anniversary poem. He was made editor of the college magazine in his senior year. He seems to have been popular with his classmates, and he was chosen to write the class poem. But he had so neglected certain of the prescribed studies of the college, that he was suspended for several months; and as the term of suspension extended over class-day, he was not able himself to deliver the poem he had written. He had it printed for his companions, although he held it in too slight esteem ever to include it among the poems which he published in later years.

After his graduation he thought of entering the Divinity School; but he decided at last to study law. Although he was on the very verge of giving it up twenty times, he persevered, and received his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but it is doubtful whether he ever had even that "First Client" whom he was afterward to describe in a humorous sketch. Not liking the law as a means of livelihood, he finally abandoned it, as Holmes had done only a few years earlier.

Lowell had become engaged to Miss Maria White, who greatly influenced his life. In 1841 came the publication of a volume of poems, some of which had been printed already in the magazines, while others were hasty and crude rhymes which he kept out of later editions of his poems—just as Whittier rejected his own early verses. Lowell was barely twenty-two when his book appeared; but there was more than one poem in it which gave high promise of his future. In addition to his ability, he had a deep love for letters; and this it was which led him, a year later, to start a monthly magazine. But the magazine soon came to an end, leaving its proprietors in debt.

Until he met Miss White, Lowell's interests and his ambitions were almost wholly literary. Under her influence he came to have a strong sympathy for the slaves. He swiftly saw that in real life there were causes to be fought far better worth the struggle than any mere craving for personal fame. His love for letters never lessened, but it was linked thereafter to the love for human freedom. He was married at last in 1844, in which year he brought out a revised edition of his poems. A few months later he gathered from the magazines certain prose criticisms, chiefly about the older English poets — criticisms which he thought so lightly of in later years that he did not allow them to be included in his collected works. And about this time he was a frequent contributor to the Philadelphia *Freeman*, the anti-slavery journal formerly edited by Whittier.

Settled at Cambridge, in "Elmwood" (the house where he had been born), happily married, supporting himself by his writings, and enlisted in the service of a cause which he had taken to heart, Lowell undertook to contribute every week, either in prose or in verse, to one of the ablest of the anti-slavery journals; and he kept this agreement for nearly four years — from 1846 to 1850. These were four years of unrest and excitement throughout the world, and here in the United States the discussion over slavery became more and more serious. The slaveholders were aggressive, and the abolitionists were striving hard to arouse the conscience of the nation against the buying and selling of human beings.

Chiefly to gain an increase of territory for the spread of slavery, this country became involved in a war with Mexico over the admission of Texas. Although it is easy enough now to see that we needed the new lands we were to gain by force of arms, and that without them the proper growth of the United States was not possible, it was hard to foresee this then. What was plain at that time was that both the motives and the methods of those who were urging us into the Mexican War were alike unworthy. This is what Lowell discerned with his usual keenness; and no one attacked those responsible for the Mexican War more sharply than he, or more effectively.

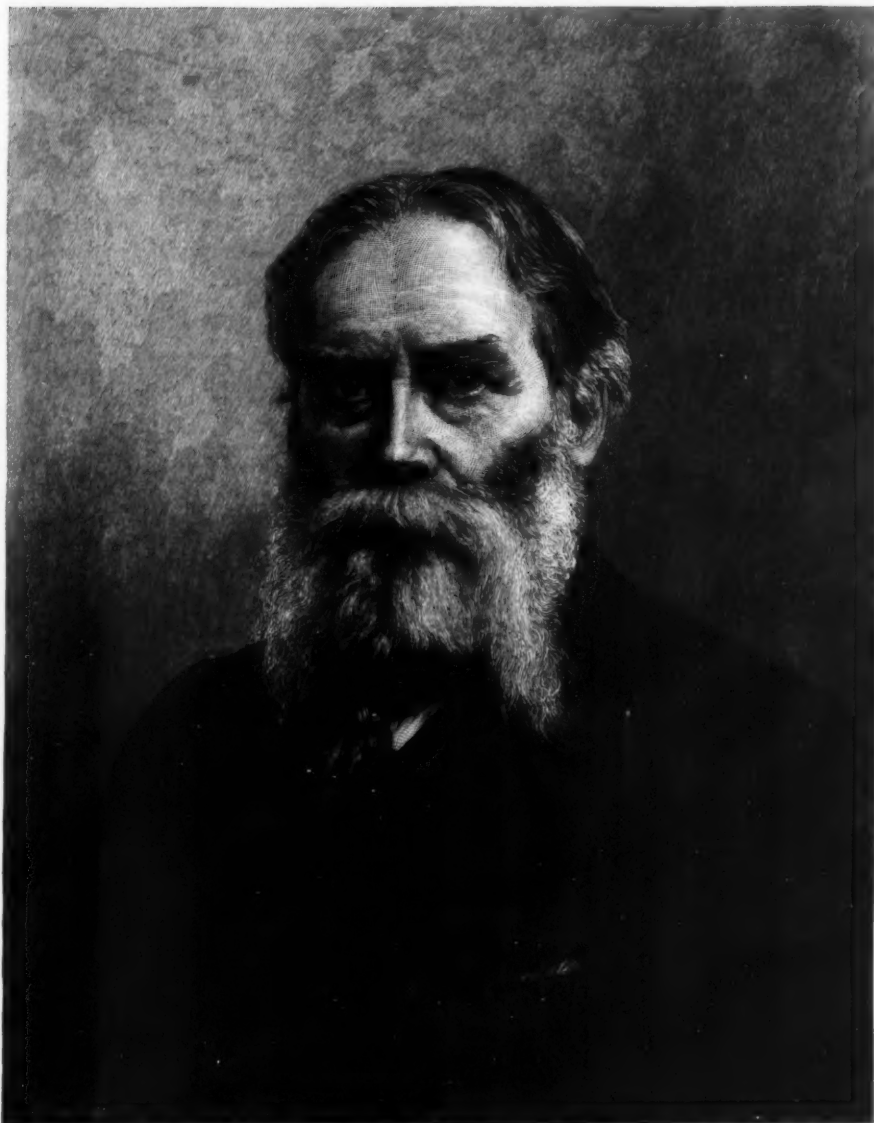
The famous "Biglow Papers" were written in verse and in the homely dialect of the New England farmer. With pungent humor, and in stanzas that had a sharp flavor of the soil, Hosea Biglow made fun of the attempts to rouse his fellow-citizens to military fervor. His stinging lines, which scorched themselves into the memory, were accompanied by the prose comments of Parson Wilbur, who represented the other side of the New England character. While the clergyman was glad to air his culture and his learning, he served admirably to set off the simple frankness of the Yankee youth. That the lyrics of Hosea should linger in the ears of those who heard them, Lowell took care to give to each a swinging rhythm, and often also a catching refrain. When at last the scattered "Biglow Papers" were collected into a volume in 1848, the author, just to show that the New England dialect could be used for other things than satire, added to the book a Yankee idyl, "The Courtin'," one of the most charming and natural love-episodes in all English poetry.

The poem is a favorite with American youth, and is frequently recited in schools. Perhaps these two stanzas are especial favorites:

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldj all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

While he was writing the "Biglow Papers" one after another, Lowell was also at work on a satire of a very different kind — "The Fable for Critics," which also was published in 1848. It was a review in verse of the state of American literature at the end of the first half of the nineteenth century. It contained a gallery of portraits of the American authors then well known and in every portrait the striking features of the original were seized with swift insight and with sharp vigor. The spirited lines of the poem are as readable now as when they were first written, with their scattering fire of verbal jokes, of ingenious rhymes, and of per-



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROS.

Albion

sonal witticisms. As the "Biglow Papers" is the finest political satire yet written in the United States, so "A Fable for Critics" is the clearest and most truthful literary satire.

Nor did these two satires withdraw him wholly from the higher poetry on which his heart was set; and in this same year, 1848, he sent forth also "The Vision of Sir Launfal," his first attempt at telling a story in verse. Perhaps it is the best of all his serious poems — loftiest in conception and most careful in execution. His habit then, as always, was to brood over the subject he wished to treat in verse, to fill himself with it, and finally to write it out at a single sitting if possible. He rarely rewrote, and his verse lacked finish and polish, though it never wanted force. It was at this time that he told Longfellow he meant to give up poetry because he could "not write slowly enough."

His poetry also suffered from another failing of his. He was not content to set forth beauty only, and to let the reader discover a moral for himself. Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell all insisted too much at times on the lesson of the song. And Lowell knew his own defect, and wrote later in life, "I shall never be a poet till I get out of the pulpit, and New England was all meeting-house when I was growing up." And, in the "Fable for Critics" (which was published without his own name as author, and in which he thought it best to include himself among the poets satirized), he thus judges his own efforts:

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb —
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme;
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders;
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preach-
ing;

His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
At the head of a march to the last new Jerusalem.

But while these years were bringing to Lowell success as a poet, the health of his wife was slowly fading. For her sake they went to Europe in 1851, returning the following year. In spite of all that could be done for her, she died in October, 1853.

In the fall of 1854 Lowell delivered a series of lectures on the English poets. These addresses, given at Lowell Institute in Boston, showed all the richness and strength of his culture, and displayed the full power of his critical faculty. They proved that he was the American critic who had at once the keenest insight and the widest knowledge. Almost immediately afterward the professorship of modern languages at Harvard was offered to Lowell, Longfellow having resigned it. He accepted the honorable position, and was allowed two years' leave of absence, to spend in Europe in study. It was in the spring of 1857 that Lowell became a professor of Harvard — just ten years after Dr. Holmes had joined the faculty of the same college.

With Dr. Holmes he was soon brought into closer contact. A new American magazine was planned, to contain writings more particularly from the New England group of writers; and the editorship was offered to Lowell. He accepted on condition that Dr. Holmes would promise to contribute; and, therefore, when the first number of the *Atlantic* appeared in 1857, it contained the opening paper of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." For four years Lowell edited this magazine, toiling faithfully, writing abundantly himself, generally on political subjects, and encouraging new writers of ability. After he resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic* he became for a while one of the conductors of the *North American Review*. Under the title of "Fireside Travels," he published, in 1864, a volume of his prose papers, collected chiefly from the magazines.

But long before this peaceful prose appeared, Lowell had been moved again to express in verse his feelings and his thoughts on the times. Hosea Biglow had spoken out strongly during the Mexican War; and it was the Civil War which aroused him once more. Love of country was the core of Lowell's character; and the outbreak of the rebellion stirred his nature to its depths. The second series of the "Biglow Papers," written at intervals during the war, met with even wider popular approval than the first series; and certainly the stinging stanzas of "Jonathan to John" are unsurpassed in all English satire. When this second series of the

"Biglow Papers" were collected into a volume in 1866, Lowell wrote for it a consideration of the past, the present, and the future of the English language in America—a paper which had scholarship equal to its humor, and a sweetness of temper equal to both—a paper to be read by all who want to understand how it is that we Americans own a full half of the English language.

In 1869 Lowell made a collection of his

essays in criticism. The year after, another volume appeared, called "My Study Windows," and a few years later came yet another, the second series of "Among my Books."

As these volumes proved, Lowell was the greatest of all American critics of literature. He had knowledge and wisdom, culture and sagacity. His writing has the leisurely fullness of the scholar, and the sharp thrust of the wit. The gift of the winged phrase was his,



"ELMWOOD," JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

graver verse, "Under the Willows," in which he included his more serious poems of the war. Among them were the thrilling lines of "The Washers of the Shroud," and the noble and lofty ode recited at the Harvard Commemoration of those of her students who had fallen in battle for the right—the ode in which the poet set forth in imperishable phrase the true character of Abraham Lincoln. And in this same year Lowell also put forth the longest of his single poems, "The Cathedral."

From the many critical papers he had written, chiefly for the periodicals he had edited, and often founded on courses of college lectures, Lowell made a first choice in 1870, and published "Among my Books," a volume of prose

and no man of our time could better pack truth into a single sentence. He had, also, the wide and deep acquaintance with literature which is the best foundation of learning.

He had enjoyed heartily his own frequent reading of the works of the great authors he wrote about, and he was able to convey some of this enjoyment to his own readers, and to explain to them the reasons for his liking. His favorite of all was the mighty Florentine poet, Dante, whom Lowell steadily studied from early life. Indeed, the advice he gave to young men seeking culture was to find the great writer whom they most appreciated, and to give themselves to the constant perusal of this great writer, growing up to him slowly, and dis-

covering gradually that to understand him adequately would force them sooner or later to learn many of the things best worth learning.

At the time of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the chief events of the Revolution, Lowell was the poet to whom the American people turned to have their thoughts and their sentiments voiced for them in verse; and Lowell delivered an ode at the centenary of the fight at Concord Bridge, and another at the centenary of Washington's taking command of the American army at Cambridge, just before the siege of Boston, and a third on the Fourth of July, 1876. In the same year these "Three Memorial Poems" were published together in a single volume.

The next year he was called to the service of the country whose foundation he had been celebrating in song. He was sent in 1877 as American minister to Spain, where another man of letters, Washington Irving, had preceded him half a century before. In 1880 he was transferred from Madrid to London. No American minister ever made himself more welcome among a foreign people than Lowell was among the British. And his popularity was not due to any attempts to please their prejudices; Lowell never gave up any of his Americanism—rather on occasion did he affirm it. Nowhere more plainly than in England was Lowell's Americanism seen to be ingrained. With him patriotism was almost a passion. In sending him to Great Britain the United States put its best foot forward, and our kin across the sea were quick to understand the opportunity offered to them; and by their request Lowell delivered in England many public addresses—formal orations some of them, while others were but off-hand speeches after dinner. But whatever the occasion, Lowell was equal to it.

He remained in England three years, and upon his home-coming, Dr. Holmes greeted him with a set of verses, including these lines:

By what enchantments, what alluring arts,
Our truthful James led captive British hearts,—
Whether his shrewdness made their statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Or if his wit flung sawdust in their eyes,—
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;

But that he did it, all must needs confess,
England herself without a blush may claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came.

After his return to his native land, Lowell revised the most important of the many addresses he had delivered in England; and in 1886 he published them in a volume entitled "Democracy." Here at home Lowell never hesitated to point out the shortcomings of his countrymen, their errors and their blunders; but when he was abroad it was on their merits only that he was willing to dwell.

He delivered a notable speech on the "Independent in Politics," and this address was included in a volume of "Political Essays," published in 1889.

In the same year appeared also his last volume of poetry, "Heartsease and Rue." In verse as in prose, Lowell often worked too hastily for perfection of finish. The "Biglow Papers" have a tunefulness and a rhythmic swing lacking to most of his more serious poems. Some of these later verses have lightness and ease; and they have also their share of the humorous shrewdness and the witty pith for which the "Biglow Papers" are not surpassed in all English literature.

As Lowell drew near to the allotted limit of three-score years and ten, he was everywhere recognized as one of the foremost citizens of the republic, a type of the character most needed in American public life—the man of broad culture, having a solid understanding of his fellow-man, and a deep love of his country. Probably the later years of his life were made pleasant by this atmosphere of appreciation; but at last his health failed, and he died on August 12, 1891, being then seventy-two years old.

Of the New England group of American authors, of which Lowell was the youngest (although both Whittier and Holmes survived him), all except Hawthorne were poets; and the fame of Longfellow and Whittier may be said to be due wholly to their poetry. Lowell, like Emerson, was a poet also, but his work in prose was at least equal in value to his work in verse. He was the one great literary critic of the group, as Hawthorne was the one great story-teller.



SHADOWS FROM THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BAYARD.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

ABOVE the door of a small country inn near the village of St. Renaud, in southern France, there hangs a quaint old signboard, dingy with age and battered with the storms of many winters. The paint upon it, which was doubtless of the brightest colors when first laid on, has been almost entirely worn away, yet enough remains to reveal the figure of a long-backed charger, with flowing mane and tail, astride of whom are four doughty knights, fully armed. The legend beneath the picture is very indistinct, but if one has good eyes and a lively imagination, he may make out the three words, *Quatre Fils Aymon*. If the keeper of the inn should see you examining his signboard, he will give you no peace until he has told you its meaning and history. "That sign," he will say, "has hung above this door for hundreds of years — for a thousand years, for all anybody knows. It was there when my grandfather's grandfather kept the inn, in the days of Louis the Great; and I have heard it said that it was an old sign even then. The great Louis himself once stopped in the middle of the road there, to admire it, while my ancestor fetched him a cup of cold water."

And then he will make you sit down on the bench beside the door and listen to this story:

In the days of Charlemagne there lived for a time in the forest of Ardennes a rebel chieftain, Aymon the Duke of Dordon, with his four sons, Richard, Adelhart, Guichard, and Reinold. At one time the duke had stood high in the favor of the king, and had held from him many castles and great estates. Indeed, it had not been long since he was able to muster ten thousand fighting men under his own banner, and there were few names in all France that were feared more than his. But he was proud and selfish, and cruel not only to his enemies but to his dependents. The noblemen who supported him could not endure his tyranny, and, one by

one, they attached themselves to other leaders. One by one, also, his castles, with the broad lands surrounding them, became the property of his rivals. Finally he rebelled against the king, and became an outlaw, hiding in the forest and with a small band of desperate men making unexpected forays into the neighboring villages.

It was in vain that rewards were offered for his capture; in vain that the king's soldiers continually patrolled the country in search of him. He always appeared where he was least expected. If he was seen one day in the direction of Liège, the next day he would be hovering about Châlons, a hundred miles away. So swiftly, indeed, did he pass from one place to another, and so skilful was he in evading his enemies, that no one could account for it until it was discovered that he rode a fairy horse, that was gifted with the speed of lightning and the wisdom of a man. The name of this horse was "Bayard"; and those who had seen him declared that in beauty and strength and swiftness he had not his equal in all the world. With Aymon, also, was a cunning dwarf, named Malagis, who was skilled in the power of magic, and who advised him with reference to all his enterprises. It was believed that if either the horse or the dwarf could be captured, it would not be hard to bring the rebellious outlaw to terms.

A blacksmith who had a smithy in a cavern among the mountains, and who was himself somewhat of a magician, contrived one night, by disguising himself as the duke's old groom, to steal the horse from the stable which the outlaws had built for him in the forest. Having muffled Bayard's feet in leathern bags half filled with feathers, he led him out of the wood, and then mounting him, rode with all speed to his smithy. He had little trouble in leading the horse into the cavern, and in placing him

in a well-hidden nook at the rear. Then he piled his forge with fuel, and, plying his bellows with all his might, he soon had the smithy so full of smoke that the sharpest eyes could not have seen the spot where Bayard stood.

When Aymon went out in the morning to saddle his good steed for another foray, he was astonished to find the stable empty. He called, "Bayard! Bayard!" but there was no response. He fancied that some one in the forest was mocking him, and he sat down on a stone and bewailed his hard fortune. He was tired of the long contest he had waged with the king, and he felt ready to give himself up and suffer whatever punishment might be imposed. While he was thus grieving and pondering, some one at his elbow pronounced his name, and looking around, he saw the ugly visage of Malagis the magician.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the dwarf.

"Matter enough," answered Aymon. "They have gotten Bayard at last, and now there is nothing left for us to do but to give ourselves up to our enemies."

"Nonsense!" said Malagis, picking up a horseshoe-nail from the ground. "I know who has the good steed. Wait a little while and he shall be yours again."

Then without another word he turned and walked away. At the hut of a forester whom he knew, he disguised himself as a country lad, and then set out by the nearest route to the blacksmith's cavern. The horseshoe-nail which had fallen from the thief's pocket had told the whole secret. But the journey into the mountains was a longer one than the dwarf had supposed, and, magician though he was, he lost his way more than once. It was not until the evening of the second day that he arrived in front of the smithy. The smith, who was sitting in the door of his cavern, was a most pitiable object to see. A bloody handkerchief bound about his head half concealed an ugly wound in his forehead. His face was swollen, and there were black and blue marks beneath his eyes, the lids of which he could scarcely separate. One of his arms was broken and tied up awkwardly in a sling, and his right foot was bruised and bleeding. When he saw Malagis approaching

he fetched a deep sigh of relief and cried out, "Ah, my dear boy, how glad I am that you have come! I knew that my prayers would be answered. But I had to wait a long time, and had you delayed until morning I surely would have died!"

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Malagis.

"I have met with a great accident," answered the smith. "Only see my head and my arm and my foot. Yesterday morning — and yet it seems much longer ago — I was trying to shoe a horse that a strange knight had brought to me. I have shod many horses, but never such a one as this. Oh, how vicious he was, and how strong! He fairly leaped upon me, and I escaped, as you see, only with my life."

"But where was the knight, the owner?"

"The knight? Ah, the cowardly fellow! He ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. And not a soul has been near the smithy since, and I have sat here helpless and prayed to the saints that they would send help."

"Where is the horse?"

"The horse? Ah, he is in here — tethered to the iron ring, at the farther end of the cavern. It was lucky I put him there, otherwise he would have overturned my forge and broken my anvil and ruined me entirely."

"I have heard," said Malagis, "that you want to employ an apprentice, and I have come to see if you will take me. There is nothing in the world that I would like so well as to learn the trade of a smith."

"Certainly, I'll take you," cried the smith impatiently. "And the first thing that you do you must help me to bed; and when you have dressed my wounds then you must get me some food, for I am almost starved."

Malagis hastened to relieve the necessities of the poor man, and so skilfully did he do it all that the smith was filled with astonishment that a mere country lad could know so much. Yet he kept his thoughts to himself, and after he had eaten heartily of some broth he dropped asleep. Only once during the night did he rouse himself from slumber, and then merely to exclaim: "A horse? Ah, yes, and what teeth he has, and what heels! Don't go near him, for your life!"

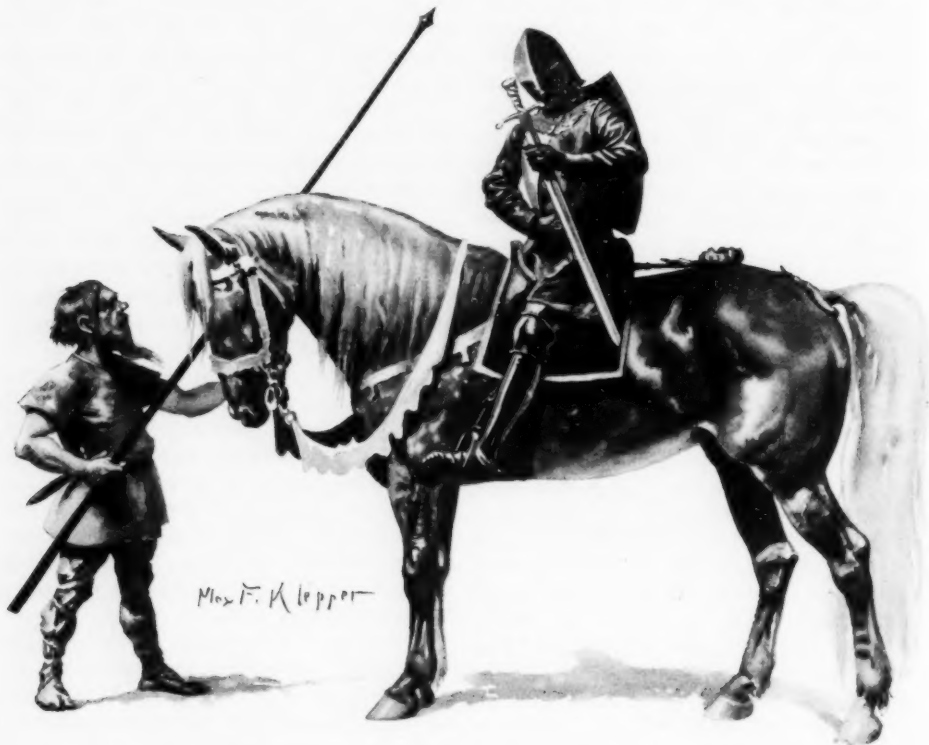
At the break of day Malagis built a fire

in the forge and heaped dry sticks upon it until the flames leaped up almost to the roof. But the smith still slept soundly, nor seemed to be in the least disturbed. When every corner of the cavern was lighted up so that the smallest object could be plainly seen, the dwarf went to the farther end to look at the horse. It was indeed Bayard, but he did not know Malagis in his disguise. The animal leaped at the magi-

through the wide-open door; some flickering flames were still leaping up from the forge: and his eyes, no longer swollen and painful, took in the whole cavern at a glance.

"A horse!" he exclaimed. "Ah, yes; and I am so glad that he is gone, and the boy with him!"

Duke Aymon was overjoyed when Malagis returned to him with Bayard. He caressed the



AYMON, THE DUKE OF DORDON WITH HIS HORSE, BAYARD, AND THE DWARF, MALAGIS.

cian in great fury, and would have torn him in pieces if he could. But when the disguised dwarf spoke, and said, "Bayard, good Bayard! Let us hasten to your master," all the creature's anger vanished, and he became as gentle as a lamb. He suffered Malagis to untie the halter that held him, and to lead him out of the smithy.

An hour later the smith awoke and looked around him. The sunlight was streaming in

horse fondly, and called him many endearing names. But he was heartily tired of living as an outlaw, and when Charlemagne soon afterward offered on certain conditions to pardon him and his four sons, he accepted the pardon and renewed his allegiance to the king. His restless disposition, however, would not allow him to tarry about the court; and so, after spending some time in Spain, fighting the Moors, he retired to his former home in Dordon.

Aymon's four sons remained for a long time in the neighborhood of the Ardennes, and with them stayed Bayard. Sometimes the young men were loyal to the king and were among the staunchest and bravest of all his warriors. Then, at the slightest provocation, they would act rashly, turn against all their old friends, and again be exiled to lead a life of outlawry in the forest. Through these changes of fortune their most faithful ally was the horse Bayard. They needed no other steed, for he was large enough and strong enough to carry them all. It was even said of him that, like our modern dinner-tables, his back could be adjusted to suit circumstances. Whether one of the brothers or all four wished to mount him, he was always just the right size to accommodate them. And then he could be kept when necessary without any expense; for he would thrive and grow fat on leaves as readily as other horses would on corn.

At length the four brothers, leaving the Ardennes, made their way into southern France and visited their father's castle of Dordon. A sorrier set of outlaws were probably never seen than they when they presented themselves barefooted and wholly wretched at their mother's door, and begged her, for the love of God, to give them food and clothing. But all this has little to do with Bayard, who was still with them, and the most contented of the whole company. They were next heard of at Tarascon, where they joined forces with Ivo, the feudal lord of that territory, against a band of Moorish invaders who had crossed over the mountains. And here it was that Bayard first distinguished himself in battle. Reinold had ridden him to the field, and had dismounted in order to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the Moorish chieftain, who had challenged him to single combat. The horse remained quietly in his place, and all went well until he saw signs of treachery on the part of the Moors. Then Bayard, with a shrill neigh, leaped forward and ran with great speed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. Men and beasts were overthrown by the fury of his onset, and such was the surprise and fright which it caused among the Moors that they were easily and quickly put to flight. Duke Ivo was so highly

pleased with this exploit that he gave Reinold a beautiful mountain-castle, which he called Montalban.

There Reinold, after he had married the daughter of Duke Ivo, took up his abode; and there, with Bayard as one of his family, he lived in peace for many years. But as he grew older, he longed to become reconciled to King Charlemagne and to know that the wicked follies of his youth had been forgiven. Embassy after embassy was sent to Charlemagne begging that he would pardon the four sons of Aymon. Then their mother, the Duchess Aya, who was the king's own sister, journeyed to Paris and besought her brother to have mercy on her children. But at first the king refused to listen to her entreaties and bade her return to Dordon. Finally, however, he said to her:

"There is one condition, and only one, upon which I will consent. If Reinold will give Bayard to me to be drowned, then I will not only pardon your four sons, but I will restore to them all the fiefs and possessions which would have been theirs had they never rebelled against me. But I cannot pardon the beast Bayard, for he has done me more harm than all the others."

When Aya returned to Montalban and told Reinold the conditions upon which the king would pardon him, he was furious.

"Better remain an outlaw," he cried, "than betray my dearest and most faithful friend! Tell Charlemagne that I will not accept his conditions."

But his mother and his wife pleaded with him to consider the consequences that would follow. They said to him that so long as he remained unreconciled with the king, not only he himself, but all his family, would be considered as outlaws. "And for such outlaws," they said, "the gallows of Montfaucon are ready—and the inscription which future generations will read thereon is: 'Here Reinold gave up his wife and children to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal.'"

"Mother! Wife!" cried Reinold. "You shall have your will. But when Bayard is slain, I too shall die."

At that moment, Bayard, who had heard all

that was said, whinnied softly and came and laid his head upon his master's arm. The warrior burst into tears and turned away.

On a dark day in autumn the long bridge across the Seine at Paris was crowded with foot-soldiers and horsemen; and on the banks of the river gathered a rabble of citizens who had heard that the great Bayard was that day to be drowned. It is even said that Charlemagne and his peers were there to see the execution of the poor animal, but of the truth of this statement there are many doubts. The noble horse was led to the middle of the bridge, where iron weights were attached to his feet. It would seem, indeed, that the animal's strength as well as his marvelous wisdom had deserted him; for we are told that at a given signal a party of men pushed him suddenly over the edge, whereupon he fell with a great splash into the Seine. But, notwithstanding the immense weights that were hung to his feet, he rose three times to the surface, each time mutely fixing his sorrowful eyes upon Reinold, who stood weeping upon the bank. When he saw this Charlemagne was beside himself with anger.

"The horse is bewitched!" he cried. "He is no mere animal, but a fiend. Beware, Count Reinold! He is looking to you for aid. If you are keeping him alive by any tricks of enchantment, I will refuse my pardon."

Reinold's mother, terrified at the words of the king, threw her arms around her son's neck and covered his eyes with her hand so that he could not see Bayard's appealing gaze as the horse rose for the fourth and last time. The count freed himself from his mother's embrace, and breaking his sword in two threw it into the river.

"Lie there, good blade, trusted friend and companion!" he cried. "Lie there with my Bayard, the faithfulest comrade that any man ever yet had! Never more, so long as I live, will I mount a horse or draw a sword!"

Then he turned and fled out of Paris, and

paused not nor took any rest until he had left the city far behind him. Coming, toward evening, into a wild forest, he sank down upon the ground, where he lay for two days overwhelmed with grief and distress. After this he made his way painfully on foot to Montalban. To a pilgrim whom he met on the way he gave his golden spurs in exchange for the man's gray robes, for he was resolved to become a pilgrim himself and to seek in the Holy Land forgiveness and peace.

"Who will teach our sons to be true knights and noble men," cried his wife, "if you go and leave them thus?"

But Reinold turned away and departed on his long and toilsome journey, while his family wept for both him and Bayard. It is said that after he reached the Holy Land he remembered his vow and neither wielded a sword nor mounted a horse. Nevertheless, in the contest then going on between the Christians and Saracens he was no mere looker-on; but, armed with a mighty club, he fought like a hero in the Christian ranks.

And there are those who say that Bayard was not drowned in the Seine, after all. For when he saw, upon rising the fourth time, that there was no hope of aid from Reinold, he freed himself by a mighty effort from the weights fastened to his feet and, concealed by a fog which had risen upon the river, swam far down the stream. Then, making for the shore, he escaped into the Ardennes, where on still moonlight nights he may yet sometimes be heard galloping from point to point among the old haunts in the woodland which he loved when he was alive.

Such is the story which the innkeeper at St. Renaud will tell you. And when you ask him what connection it has with the old sign that swings over his door, he will tell you that half the country inns in France were once named after the four sons of Aymon, and that his sign is the last evidence of the once general admiration for the horse Bayard.

BASE-BALL SKETCHES.

By E. W. KEMBLE.



SOME "FANCY CATCHES" INDULGED IN BY THE MEMBERS OF OUR HOME NINE.



YAMOUD.

(A Story from the Desert.)

BY HENRY WILLARD FRENCH.

"PRAYER is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep. Rise up—and—pray!" rang the muezzin's morning call to prayer from the glistening white clay tower by the little mosque of Mutah, when the hooded priest in the nest of the Moorish minaret saw the red disk throw off the sand of the great Sahara.

"*La illa il Allah, Mahamoud rusol il Allah!*" (There is one God and Mahomet is his prophet!) he muttered, and gave the morning call: "Prayer is better than sleep. Rise up—and—pray."

Full of soft but penetrating music, it fell about the little mosque and the silver-gray mud huts of Mutah, huddled together in a small oasis upon the border of the great desert, surrounded by gardens where dates and grapes and melons and gourds were raised for trade with the caravans crossing the sand. Their custom was all that kept Mutah alive.

The music of the call stole in upon the ears of those who were still asleep, through the lattice windows of the little Arab village, waking them from good dreams and bad; and, because they all knew that prayer was better than sleep, they all rose up to pray.

Little Yamoud's mother, Umda, roused her fatherless boy a little rudely, perhaps, but not unkindly. She was only enforcing, as every good Mohammedan mother should, the vital importance of prompt response to the muezzin's morning call.

Their hut was upon the outskirts of the village, and the garden about it was none of the

best,—even among those poor, sandy gardens,—or it would doubtless have been taken away from them when Yamoud's father died, some months before.

It is true there were none of his brothers living about Mutah to seize the property; but even if there had been, the hut and the garden were hardly worth seizing, considering the obligations which such an act would have imposed upon the ones who took them. So Umda was allowed to live on there with Yamoud; and, as she had always done most of the work, which is the common custom of her people, there was very little change when her husband died, except that she no longer had any one to protect and defend her.

This was a very sad condition; and Yamoud, young as he was, longed to be old enough and strong enough to stand between his widowed mother and the world.

The muezzin did not leave the minaret at once, that morning, but stood, shading his eyes from the red glare, looking away over the endless sand; for, far in the distance, writhing and squirming over the glistening surface, he saw a twisting line of black, looking like a gigantic serpent trailing its long body over the sea of sand.

It was no uncommon sight. He knew at once that it was a caravan coming in: coming in from days and weeks of plodding over those parched and burning plains, parched and burning in the day, but cold—almost cold enough to freeze—at night just before daylight.

It was the length and the size of the caravan that attracted the hooded priest's attention. It meant that there would be a ready sale that day for all of the products which the people of Mutah could offer at the khan, or market; which meant, again, more generous donations to the mosque, on account of the good fortune of the Faithful. So the muezzin was glad, and

smiled as he watched the long caravan, while the people below were repeating their morning prayers.

Then he went down and announced the good news, and all the villagers seemed suddenly to come to life. The torpid stillness of Muthah disappeared. The village rang with shouts, and every one hurried to gather into bamboo bags—rather more like baskets than bags, perhaps—all of the fruit that was anywhere near ripe enough and not altogether too much decayed to sell when there was a great demand. And every one who could carry a basket on his head prepared for a visit to the khan.

It required the old, wise heads to select and pack the fruit, and the children, as usual, slipped away, whether they would have been of assistance or not, and ran to the point where the trail passed closest to the village, to lie half hidden in the sand as near as they dared to go, and watch the caravan go by.

It was a privilege which was always considered the children's right, for it was all that they ever saw of the great world. They were never taken to the khan till they were old enough to carry baskets and sell fruit—except Yamoud, who always went with his mother now, having no one with whom he could remain at home.

The caravans never came within a mile of Muthah, for there were only four or five little springs in the village, which, by the most economical system of irrigation, just managed to keep the date-palms and the gardens bearing; while at the khan, two miles away, there was a great walled space, out of which the camels could not wander, with a deep well and a great trough in the middle of it, and a walled town surrounding it.

It was not much of a town, but it lived because a kind of caravan supply-and-exchange market was needed there. It was there where the caravans rested for a day before making their final plunge into the desert, and there where they rested for a day to "shake off the desert" when coming out again with their precious burdens from the heart of Africa.

Often the children did not get back again till long after the caravan had passed, and then came full of news of what they had seen and

heard. This time, however, they came hurrying home, shivering and silent.

They spoke only in whispers to one another; and their great eyes, and the terrified way in which they shrank into dark corners and tried to hide themselves, would quickly have warned their parents that something was wrong, if they had not been quite too busy to notice anything.

They had surely seen or heard something which thoroughly frightened them, though Arab children are not very easily frightened, but they kept it to themselves.

It was not so much because they did not wish to tell, as in response to the universal Oriental habit of refraining from speaking abruptly upon any subject that is of importance.

They only shivered and crouched about and hid themselves, and from the shaded corners watched with something like awe as, one by one, when their baskets were filled, the villagers lifted them upon their heads and started away toward the khan.

Yamoud's mother was among the very last, as she had no one to help her fill her basket;



YAMOUD AND HIS MOTHER ON THE WAY TO THE KHAN.

and the boy cast a timid glance toward his companions as he caught the corner of his mother's *sarai*, or long scarf, in his hand and reluctantly followed her away.

Some of the children crept on after them a little way, in a kind of mute sympathy, and whenever Yamoud looked back he saw their great, sad eyes solemnly staring at him, saying so plainly that they knew very well that they were taking their last look, and the gloom behind him only made the horror ahead the more dreadful; but none of them spoke a word.

At last, when they were all alone upon the sand, and Yamoud was walking very close to his mother, he looked up and said, "Hold me fast with your hand, mama, when we enter the khan, for I am afraid."

II.

UMDA turned sharply upon him, exclaiming, as she did so:

"You?—Yamoud ebno'l [that is, son of] Ahmad afraid? Afraid of what?"

It was too direct a question for any Arab to attempt to answer it, and Umda doubtless meant it more as an exclamation than interrogation. She stood staring at the boy, her only child, confessing that he was afraid, in that land where men, and boys too, were measured and valued solely according to personal courage.

Yamoud was only ten years old, but he did not seem like one who would be much afraid of anything. He was looking calmly up into his mother's eyes, and curling his bare toes about in the hot sand.

At last she cried, angrily, "Allah forbid it. Yamoud cannot be a coward."

Slowly and thoughtfully the boy asked:

"Is he always a coward, mama, who is afraid?"

Umda gave a short grunt, half closing her eyes,—an Arab's way of saying yes.

"Then, mama, I am a coward, for I am afraid," Yamoud replied; and his mother almost dropped the basket from her head, she trembled so with rage and mortification, as she looked scornfully down upon her boy.

She could not speak; but she cast one quick glance back toward their village, almost hidden in the green of the oasis, then away toward the khan, and thanked fortune that no one was near enough to hear her son confess that he was a coward.

"Papa is not coming back to us again, is he,

mama?" Yamoud asked; and his mother answered, sharply:

"Never. He has taken the long journey. But he was brave. He is where the Prophet promised eternal happiness to the brave. No coward can ever follow him."

"I do not want to follow him while you live, mama," Yamoud said; and, touching his forehead with his finger, added, "Hast thou not told me how it is written here, that when I grow large and strong I shall be your help and strength?"

Umda did not pay much attention to what the boy was saying. She only shuddered, and repeated with a groan,

"Shall I, the wife of Ahmad the brave, be the mother of ebno'l Ahmad the coward?"

Yamoud's lips quivered, and his eyes were bright with tears, but he clung to his thought, and continued: "If the famine comes again, mama, what can you do without papa?"

"I can sell these," she replied, indifferently, shaking the bracelets on her arm, and pointing to the silver bands upon her ankles.

"But if the famine lasted longer than they did, mama, could n't I help you then?"

"What is the help of a coward?" Umda muttered, fiercely. "It is the help of the south wind, bringing sand instead of rain."

"I might not be a coward, then, mama," Yamoud pleaded. "But if I am carried away and sold as a slave, then who will help you? It is for that I am afraid, mama; for I heard men say that the caravan that passed was led by Abu'l Hasham."

"Abu'l Hasham!" the mother gasped, catching him by the shoulder, and staring wildly at him as though to make sure he was still there. "Come back with me quickly to Muthah."

"No, no, mama," Yamoud cried, struggling and tugging against her so vigorously that his little feet sank into the hard sand. "I will not go back like a coward. Only hold me with your hand. Then he cannot steal me for a slave. No; I will not go back."

After what she had been saying about bravery, Umda did not dare to let him see how thoroughly she, too, was frightened, and she turned again reluctantly toward the khan, keeping her trembling hand upon his shoulder. It

was just what he had asked of her, and Yamoud was entirely satisfied.

Abu'l Hasham was not a mere nursery bugbear, created to frighten children from disobedience. He was the living terror of every tribe and village for hundreds of miles. He was a powerful brigand slave-collector.

Yamoud chattered fearlessly enough, but Umda was silent now, as they approached the mud walls of the miserable town.

There were only two gates in the wall—one at each side of the town. In the arch, over each, an inscription was set in great black letters,—over one, "Gate of the Desert," and over the other, "Gate of the Sea."

Umda's face grew still more anxious and stern as they entered the town, and the bedlam of voices greeted them from the khan.

Men, women, and children, in the inevitable fashion of a great caravan coming to rest, were shouting and wrangling in many languages, and camels and dromedaries were grunting and groaning as they went through the laborious task of lying down.

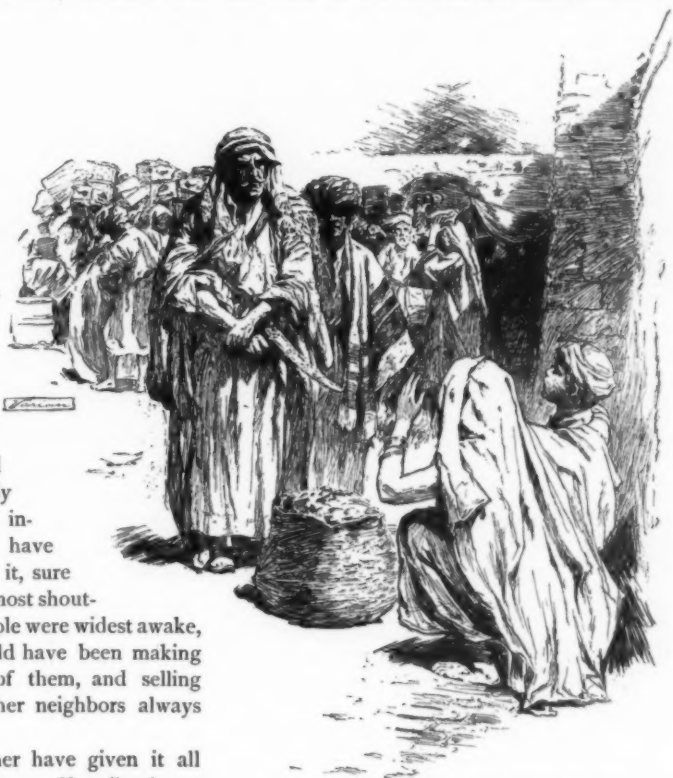
It was not the confusion which disturbed Umda, however. Ordinarily it would have been an inspiration. She would have hurried into the thick of it, sure that where there was the most shouting and wrangling the people were widest awake, and in a moment she would have been making as much noise as any of them, and selling her fruit in a way that her neighbors always envied.

To-day she would rather have given it all away than go near the place. She silently set her basket down the moment they were inside the khan, and sitting on the ground beside it, with her back against the wall, she clasped her arm nervously about Yamoud.

"Why don't you shout, mama?" he asked; but receiving no reply was soon lost in watching the great caravan settling itself for the day's rest.

It was an intensely interesting sight, especially as there were many children in the throng, and he had never before had such an opportunity to watch from a safe distance, always having been hustled and jostled about, while clinging to his mother's sarai, among the wranglers.

He wholly forgot Abu'l Hasham, nor did it once occur to him that the children he was watching were slaves, stolen by this Terror of the Desert, for he had entirely thrown off his fear when he felt his mother's hand, and knew



"WHAT IS THE PRICE FOR THE WHOLE OF IT?"
ASKED THE MOOR."

that she would guard him; but his attention was suddenly recalled by a tightening grip of the arm about him, and, looking up, he saw

a tall and powerful Moor, with a deep scar on one cheek, slowly approaching them.

"A comely widow and a comely child and fine fruit in the basket. What is the price for the whole of it?" the Moor asked, pausing directly in front of them.

Yamoud had never heard his mother's voice sound so strange as when she replied,

"Take it without money. It has no price."

She pushed the basket toward him with her foot.

It was the same form which the prophet Isaiah used, when he called,— "Ho, every one that thirsteth . . . come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." It is the same form which one still hears, every day, wherever there are Arab venders crying their goods.

In the common acceptance of trade to-day, however, it is more apt really to mean that the purchaser is expected to be particularly liberal; but for once a vender would have been glad to be taken at her word.

Umda was trembling from head to foot, and would have given her fruit, and her bracelets, too, to have been well out of the khan.

The Moor motioned to a servant who was following him to take the fruit away, and asked:

"Where shall the money and the empty basket be delivered?"

"At the house beside the Desert Gate," Umda replied, in a faint trembling voice, and rising she caught Yamoud's arm, whispering,

"Come quickly. We must hurry."

They hurried in a way that was most uncomfortable for the boy. Umda walked faster and faster till he was running beside her, and faster yet till she was literally dragging him along.

They did not stop at the house beside the Gate of the Desert or anywhere else; but as they hurried over the sand it gradually became clear in Yamoud's mind why it was that his mother had not told the Moor truly where she lived, or had not waited for her money and basket, which he knew were so important to her.

Having thought out the puzzle, he looked up, while he ran, and asked, "Mama, was that Abu'l Hasham?"

Umda did not answer; for in truth no one had told her that it was the stealer of slaves, and how should she know?

How should Yamoud know, when she did not answer? He did know, however, and he shuddered as he thought how he had sat and with his own living eyes looked up into the face of the terrible slave-collector. Yet it did not seem to him anything so fearful, after all, so long as his mother's hand was on him; and he understood his mother as little, on the way back to Mutah, as she had understood him on the way to the khan.

If he had realized the double meaning in the sentences spoken by the Moor, as his mother understood them, it would have been different.

A circumstance which troubled Yamoud much more was a stranger from the khan whom he saw following them when he once looked back, and whom he saw again in the village, during the afternoon; but he did not speak of it to his mother, lest she should think again that he was only a coward and like the south wind.

III.

ALL through the day Umda's eyes followed her son wherever he went, and Yamoud, well aware of it, kept himself carefully where she should not find this difficult. He was quite too well satisfied to object to her watchfulness, for like all the children of the desert he had heard no end of stories—wonderful fancies, most of them—concerning the mysterious means by which Abu'l Hasham secured the children and carried them away into slavery.

On the southern side of the desert it was not infrequent for the slave-thief to carry off an entire village, taking the men and women too; leaving only the old and infirm. It was not often, however, that such a bold stroke had been attempted on the north of the desert. It was too near the British authority, that was then working so vigorously to crush out the slave-trade. So the people of Mutah had only learned to tremble for their children, and the children to tremble for themselves when it was whispered that Abu'l Hasham came their way.

Yamoud did not at all like to be a coward, and upon his mother's definition he tried very hard to convince himself that he was not afraid; but he was afraid. Especially when he caught sight of the stranger who followed them from the khan, was he afraid.

He always slept on a mat beside his mother, on the earth floor of the one little room in their hut. But just under the roof his father had constructed a low, dark loft, where they stored their fruit when it was ripening too fast in the sun or not fast enough in the rain; for there was

Still, Yamoud began to think that he was not going to fall asleep during the night. The moment he shut his eyes he seemed to be looking right up into the face of Abu'l Hasham. When he put that fancy out of his head he was sure that the stranger was creeping up to him, and



YAMOUD JOINS THE CARAVAN. (SEE PAGE 1012.)

one season of the year when, for a little time, it rained, even out there on the desert. When it did rain it rained almost incessantly; and the people collected the water in tanks to help out the springs.

This loft was not a particularly comfortable place to sleep, but Yamoud willingly obeyed when his mother told him to take his mat up there for one night.

VOL. XXII.—127.

if he opened his eyes again, in the darkness, he thought that he could see all the evil spirits he had ever heard about, winking and blinking and grinning at him, just as they did in the stories.

The result was that when he did fall asleep he slept very soundly, and overslept, for the first time since he had been taught to say the morning prayer. He did not hear the morning call of the muezzin at all; but that was not so

remarkable, for neither did any one else hear it. The muezzin did not climb the white tower that day. The sun came up without his aid. Another caravan came out of the desert without his seeing it. It came and passed and entered the khan without a soul in all Muthah seeing it; and not a basket of fruit was carried to the khan that day. Such an occurrence was unheard of, but it is true.

When Yamourd opened his eyes he saw through a crack in the mud and straw roof that it must be broad daylight; and he knew from the heat in the loft that the sun had been beating on it for some time. He wondered how it was possible that his mother had not called him, and creeping to the opening he looked down into the little room.

At first he could hardly breathe, everything was so strange down there—everything was in such confusion. His mother's sleeping-mat was torn in shreds. Nothing was as it should be. Umda was not there. He called, but she did not answer; and, in spite of the fact that his heart was thumping terribly, he dropped to the floor, and ran across the room to the open door.

His mother was nowhere to be seen, either outside, about the village, or in the garden; but looking toward the nearest huts he instantly knew that something very serious had happened. A few old men and women were sitting about the doors, wailing and moaning and shouting, as they always did at funerals.

At first Yamourd thought that his mother must be dead; though, if so, the mourners would naturally be at his own door. Yet, if his mother were alive, he knew very well that she would be among the mourners, for there was no one in Muthah who could wail and moan at funerals so acceptably as Umda.

What could have become of her? He called again and again, but she did not answer; neither did any of the mourners pay the slightest attention to his cries.

At last, while he still stood there trembling and choking with dread, he caught a word which the mourners pronounced more frequently and louder than the rest,—it was "Abu'l Hasham,"—and then he knew it all.

He sat down on the ground right beside his own door, with his back against the mud wall

of his hut, and, all alone, Yamourd began to wail and moan like the rest.

It would not have been different if his mother had really been dead, except that if she had been the only one dead in the village, many of the people would have joined him, and moaned and wailed with him; he would not have been left alone.

All that were left had misery enough of their own to wail about that day, not to bear another's burden; and they mourned for the lost precisely as if they were dead. Indeed they were, dead, so far as Muthah and those left behind were concerned. They had been carried away



YAMOURD WAILING FOR HIS MOTHER.

to be sold as slaves in distant countries. They would never return to Muthah—not one of them.

In the spontaneous poetry to which the Arabic is so easily adaptable, Yamourd put his thoughts into words, and sang his sorrow in a low, sad chant, often closing a line with a prolonged, wild wail, such as he remembered so

well, when it told of his mother's suffering after his father died.

It was the accepted mode of mourning, and a great deal more real and relief-bringing than some modern, more civilized methods.

"Oh, Abu'l Hasham the terrible, the wicked thief of men, came into my home last night," Yamoud moaned. "Oh, my mother feared his coming, but my mother thought only of me; yes, she hid me away from him that I might be safe; but he came—yes, he came. While I slept and never knew it, he came!—oh, he came!—and no hand was lifted for my mother. O Light of my Eyes, O Breath of my Body, O my Sun and my Moon, thou art gone! he has carried thee away! and I slept—oh, I slept. He will sell thee for a slave, far, far away, and I cannot help thee—I, thy Yamoud ebno'l Ahmad. O my mother, why did I sleep? Why did I not—"

Here he stopped suddenly, and for some time sat in silence, watching his little fingers as they slowly clasped and unclasped and twisted about each other, continuing the sad story which his lips had ceased—ceased for a little while—to tell; for his mind was busy with a theme which caused him, all but the mute refrain of the fingers, to forget even his sorrow.

By and by he whispered slowly, "Is Yamoud ebno'l Ahmad really a coward? Is he nothing but a south wind, bringing sand and no rain? His mother is not dead. She needs him; but he cannot help her, for he is not near her. He can never help her unless he knows where she is, and unless he is beside her. If it is written in his forehead that he shall be her strength and shield, it is written in his forehead that he shall find her and be near her."

He sprang to his feet and entered the hut. No one noticed him, or would have thought or cared if they had; for there were too many sorrows in Muthah that morning for people to think or care about one another's griefs.

Presently he came out again with one of his mother's long white mourning sarais wrapped about him. It fell, something like a skirt, almost to his feet. At the waist it was twisted in a girdle, then it was carried up over his shoulders and head, leaving only a narrow slit

through which he could see, and effectually covering every inch of him except his feet.

From five to ten the children spend all day in the charge of their mothers, often helping them in their work, and then they wear short skirts and girdles. After that the boys are supposed to begin to be men—warriors; and thenceforward they decorate themselves with more and more clothing, according to their wealth and occupations, till the yards and yards of superfluous cloth which some of the desert Arabs twist about themselves are simply astonishing. So that, even in ordinary times, there would have been nothing remarkable enough to attract much attention in the way Yamoud dressed himself.

Truly, it would have been hard to determine whether he was a boy or girl, or a woman, or even a man who, by some freak of nature, had been stunted in his natural growth; but many a wanderer disguises himself in much the same way, upon the desert, and the kind of curiosity which would pry into it, simply for the sake of curiosity, is very much lacking among the Arabs.

No one saw the little figure emerge from the door; and, as the hut lay on the outskirts of Muthah, there were no more to pass, for Yamoud turned directly out upon the sand, without so much as looking back where the people were still moaning and wailing.

He walked so fast that he almost ran, on and on, toward the mud-walled town about the khan. Who could have thought it the same little fellow who, yesterday, in that path had said, "Hold me fast with your hand, mama, when we enter the khan, for I am afraid."

He was quite too young for any deep-laid plan—almost for any plan at all; but the one thought which had come to him was enough. He had just one purpose in view, and he had the courage to take the only step which, so far as he could see, would help him to accomplish it.

IV.

As Yamoud passed the Gate of the Desert he shuddered; but it was more, even then, from thinking of his mother than of himself; for he did not hesitate an instant in turning toward the khan. He saw at once that it was another

and much smaller caravan there, and wandered slowly about, asking a question here and there, judging more by appearances and comparisons than by the words actually spoken in answer.

It was precisely what an older Arab would have done, no matter how simple the subject upon which he sought information, or how important. But this was surely some racial instinct in him more than any knowledge of the ways of the world. He was too young to be worldly wise.

After he felt sure that the caravan really entered that morning by the Desert Gate, and would leave before sunset by the Gate of the Sea, he wandered out of the latter gate, a little way, and along the trail.

No child born to the desert ever failed to learn to read the shifting sands as early and as easily as other children to read a printed book; and Yamoud had not wandered far before he knew that Abu'l Hasham's caravan left the khan in two parts, and that the part leaving last, with most of the unmounted, did not pass over the sand till nearly daylight. So the caravan in the khan would be less than twelve hours behind.

There was only one way, and that they both must take. They might come to the Desert Gate from several different directions; but going out at the Gate of the Sea meant always to cross another narrow belt of desert, then a slowly rising plain, with more and more straggling green, then through bare and rugged mountain passes, and down through the beautiful tropical valley bordering on the great in-

land sea to the seaport city—the city to which Abu'l Hasham must take his captives.

That was enough. Being all that could be learned or done at present, it had to be enough, and, with the undemonstrative submission to the inexorable which is in every drop of Arab blood, as soon as Yamoud had come to this conclusion he returned to the khan, wandered about indifferently for a time, till he found a solitary, sleeping camel, under whose shadow he could curl himself up, and soon he was as sound asleep as any one in the caravan.

The patient endurance of hunger and thirst is something to which the Arab is very early trained; and another most excellent quality is his power to sleep at will the moment that there is nothing else to do. Many a pang of hunger and gasp for water has been stifled and forgotten in that way. Yamoud had even greater troubles, which, for the time, he was ready to forget.

He knew that when the camel was aroused, the sun would wake him, which was all that was necessary.

The sun was setting when the caravan wound slowly out through the Gate of the Sea, leaving the town to sink into darkness and silence behind it; and among the throng of unmounted followers,—so often forming an important part of the long-journey caravans, especially as they near their destination,—there moved along the little atom of humanity wrapped in the mourning sarai. The figure attracted now and then a glance from some one, chiefly because it was so small and so alone, but otherwise was unnoticed.

(To be concluded.)

QUALITY, NOT PLACE.

BY MRS. H. M. GREENLEAF.

SAID A, "Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D,
I'm in the midst of all that 's BAD,
As you may plainly see."

"How strange!" said merry, laughing E;
"When I between them am,

I'm tucked up comfortably in BED,
And happy as a clam."

"It 's quality within ourselves,"
Then mused the letter A,
"And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay."

HERO-TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



THE BLOWING UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

VI. LIEUTENANT CUSHING AND THE RAM "ALBEMARLE."

THE great Civil War was remarkable in many ways, but in no way more remarkable than for the extraordinary mixture of inventive mechanical genius and of resolute daring shown by the combatants. After the first year, when the contestants had settled down to real fighting, and the preliminary mob-work was over, the battles were marked by their extraordinary obstinacy and heavy losses. In no European conflict since the close of the Napoleonic wars has the fight-

ing been anything like so obstinate and so bloody as was the fighting in our own Civil War. Hundreds of regiments, both Northern and Southern, suffered each in some one engagement far more heavily than either the Light Brigade at Balaclava, or the Guards at Inkerman, or than any German regiment in the Franco-Prussian war; and yet they have gone entirely unnoticed by the poet, and dismissed with but a scant line or two by the historian. In addition to this fierce and dogged courage, this splendid fighting capacity, the contest also

brought out the skilled inventive power of engineer and mechanic in a way that few other contests have ever done.

This was especially true in the navy. The fighting under and against Farragut and his fellow admirals revolutionized naval warfare. The Civil War marks the break between the old style and the new. The ships with which Decatur and Perry and Hull and Porter won glory in 1812 were essentially like those with which Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher had harried the Spanish armadas two centuries and a half earlier. They were essentially like the ships that made up the fleets of Tromp and De Ruyter, as of Collingwood and Nelson. But, in the Civil War, steam, iron armor, and entirely new weapons, worked such a revolution that the fleets of to-day differ as widely from those of Nelson as did his ships-of-the-line from the galleys of Alcibiades twenty-two hundred years before. The steam-frigate, the ironclad, the ram, and the torpedo in all its forms—the practical use of all these dates from the Civil War. Terrible encounters took place when these engines of war were brought into action for the first time, and one of these encounters has given an example which, for heroic daring combined with cool intelligence, is unsurpassed in all time.

The Confederates showed the same skill and energy in building their great iron-clad rams as the men of the Union did in building the monitors which were so often pitted against them. Both sides, but especially the Confederates, also used stationary torpedoes, and on a number of occasions torpedo-boats likewise. These torpedo-boats were sometimes built to go under the water. One such, after repeated failures, was employed by the Confederates, with equal gallantry and success, in sinking a Union sloop-of-war off Charleston harbor. The torpedo-boat itself went to the bottom with its victim, all on board being drowned. The other type of torpedo-boat was simply a swift, ordinary steam-launch operated on the surface.

It was this last type of boat which Lieutenant W. B. Cushing brought down to Albemarle Sound to use against the great Confederate ram "Albemarle." The ram had been built for the purpose of destroying the Union

blockading forces. Steaming down the river, she had twice attacked the Federal gunboats, and in each case had sunk or disabled one or more of them, with little injury to herself. She had retired up the river again to lie at her wharf and refit.

The gunboats had suffered so severely as to make it a certainty that when the ram came out



COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

again, thoroughly fitted up, to renew the attack, the wooden vessels would be destroyed; and while she was in existence the Union vessels could not attack and reduce the forts and coast towns. Just at this time Cushing came down from the North with his swift little torpedo-boat—an open launch with a spar rigged to push out in front, the torpedo being placed at the end. The crew of the launch consisted of fifteen men, Cushing being in command. He not only guided his craft, but himself handled the torpedo by means of two small ropes, one of which put it in place, while the other exploded it. The action of the torpedo was complicated, and it could not have been operated in a time of tremendous excitement save by a man of the utmost nerve and self-command. But Cushing had both; he possessed precisely that combination of reckless courage, presence of mind, and high mental capacity

necessary to the man who leads a forlorn hope under peculiarly difficult circumstances.

On the night of October 27, 1864, Cushing slipped away from the blockading fleet, and steamed up the river toward the wharf, a dozen miles distant, where the great ram lay. The Confederates were watchful to guard against surprise, for they feared lest their foes should try to destroy the ram before she got a chance to come down and attack them again in the Sound. She lay under the guns of a fort, with a regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend her. Her own guns were kept always clear for action, and she was protected by a great boom of logs thrown out roundabout, of which last defense the Federals knew nothing.

Cushing went up-stream with the utmost caution, and by good luck passed, unnoticed, a Confederate lookout below the ram.

About midnight he made his assault. Steaming quietly on through the black water, and feeling his way cautiously toward where he knew the town to be, he finally made out the loom of the Albemarle through the night, and at once drove at her. He was almost upon her before he was discovered; then the crew and the soldiers on the wharf opened fire, and at the same moment he was brought to by the boom, the existence of which he had not known. The rifle-balls were singing about him as he stood erect guiding his launch, and he heard the bustle of the men aboard the ram, and the noise of the great guns as they were got ready. Backing off, he again went all steam ahead, and actually surged over the slippery log of the boom.

Meanwhile, on the deck of the Albemarle the sailors were running to quarters, and the soldiers were swarming down to aid in her defense. And the droning bullets came always thicker through the dark night. Cushing still stood upright in his little craft, guiding and controlling her by voice and signal, while in his hands he kept the ropes which led to the tor-

pedo. As the boat slid forward over the boom, he brought the torpedo full against the somber side of the huge ram, and instantly exploded it, almost at the same time that the pivot-gun of the ram, loaded with grape, was fired point-blank at him, not ten yards off.

At once the ram settled, the launch sinking at the same moment, while Cushing and his men swam for their lives. Most of them sank or were captured; but Cushing reached mid-stream. Hearing something splashing in the darkness, he swam toward it, and found that it was one of his crew. He went to his rescue, and they kept together for some time, but the sailor's strength gave out, and he finally sank. In the pitch darkness Cushing could form no idea where he was; and when, chilled through, and too exhausted to rise to his feet, he finally reached shore, shortly before dawn, he found that he had swum back, and landed but a few hundred feet below the sunken ram. All that day he remained within easy musket-shot of where his foes were swarming about the fort and the great drowned ironclad. He hardly dared move, and until the afternoon, he lay without food and without protection from the heat or insects. Then he managed to slip unobserved into a dense swamp, and began to make his way toward the fleet. Toward evening he came out on a small stream, near a camp of Confederate soldiers. They had moored to the bank a small skiff, and with equal stealth and daring he managed to steal this, and began to paddle down-stream. Hour after hour he paddled on through the fading light, and then through the darkness. At last, utterly worn out, he found the squadron, and was picked up.

At once the ships weighed their anchors, and they speedily captured every coast town and fort, now that their dreaded enemy was no longer in the way.

The fame of Cushing's deed went all over the land, and his name will stand forever among the highest on the honor-roll of the American Navy.

Hans the Otherwise.



BY JOHN BENNETT.

VERY old people may remember hearing their grandfathers say that a great many years ago the Baron of the Land of Nod asked two questions of his three wise men which none of them could answer. If they do not remember, it will not matter at all: a great many things have happened that history has found it convenient to forget.

But that is neither here nor there. The Baron offered great rewards for any answer to his questions; but although all the wisest men in the world tried, no one succeeded; and the questions remained unanswered year after year, until "to answer the Baron of Nod" became a common saying among the people, meaning simply neither more nor less than to do the impossible. And, what was more, the whole story had grown so old that it had been made over into a popular song, so that it must have been very old indeed; and this was the song:

If you seek to find a fortune
By your wit, do not delay:
To the Land of Nod betake you —
If your wit can find the way.
There 's a rose-bush by the roadside,
And two shrubs beside the stream,
With three little hills behind them,
And a castle white as cream,
Where, if you can answer questions
At the hazard of your neck,
You will find both fame and fortune,
And have money by the peck!

Now it so happened that in the little village of Narrheit there lived a lad whose name nobody knew. The floods had left him in the rye-field when he was but a baby, and his parents were past all finding out. Johann Barthel, the woodman, found him, and took him home to grow up with the little Barthels. Johann's wife cut down her husband's old clothes to fit the little fellow; and Johann himself cut down his grown-up name from Johann to "Hans" to give to the youngster who had lost his own.

As the lad grew up, he was not at all like



"JOHANN'S WIFE CUT DOWN HER HUSBAND'S OLD CLOTHES TO FIT THE LITTLE FELLOW."

the small Barthels, whose noses all turned up like little red buttons, for his turned down like a hawk's beak; and while they were one and

all as stumpy as their noses, he shot up like a young tree. And, too, while the little Barthels chattered all day long without ever saying a thing worth listening to, Hans, when not at work, sat still in the corner, thinking; and when questioned as to his thoughts by the meddlesome villagers, always gave answers that left them even more puzzled than they were before.

This was something that the good, thick-headed people of Narrheit could not understand; and like all such good, thick-headed people the world over, they believed that there could be nothing worth understanding in what they could not understand themselves. So, like all good, thick-headed folk, the dull villagers, believing themselves to be most undoubtedly wise, called the lad, not "Hans the Wise," but "Hans the Otherwise," and thought him neither more nor less than a blockhead.

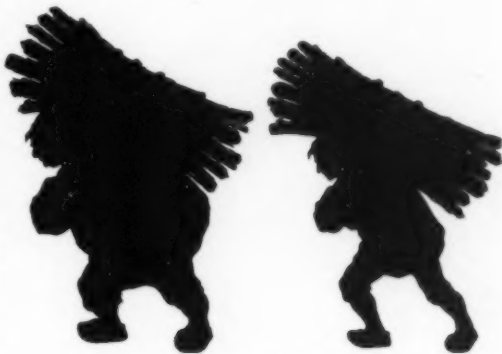
Hans cared little for that, and bearing no grudge, went quietly about his business, helping Johann with the fagots, saying little, and thinking much—which was more than all the rest of the villagers could have done together.

At last, however, the bench beside the Barthel family porridge-pot grew overcrowded; and one day, when Hans came home from the forest, there was not an inch left at his end.

"Why don't you sit down?" growled Jo-

hann, his heavy voice making little waves dance all round the rim of the big blue bowl.

"There is no room," faltered Hans, hanging his head.

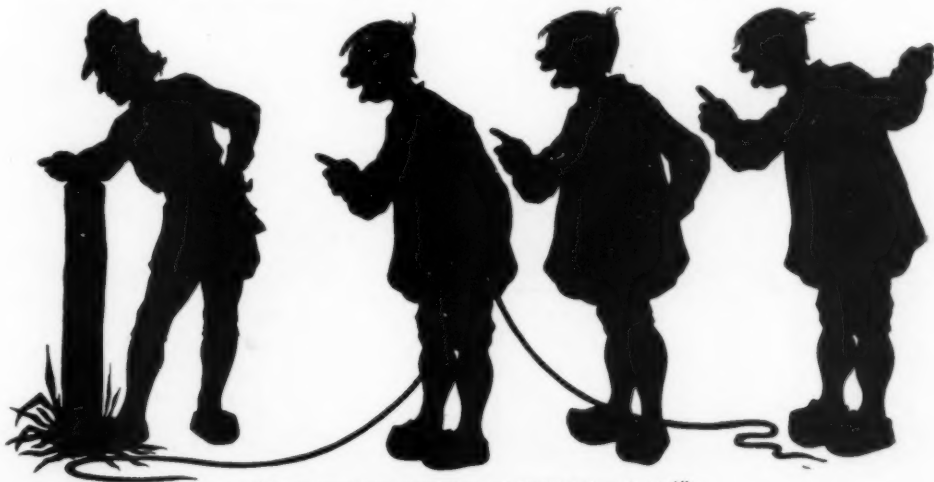


"HELPING JOHANN WITH THE FAGOTS."

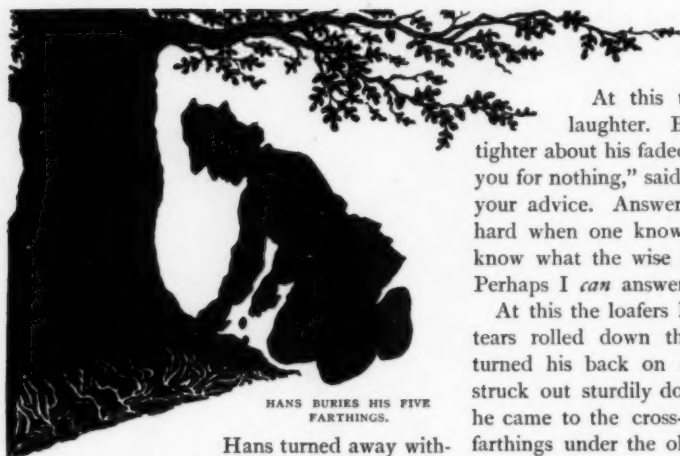
"What! No room?" cried the father, counting upon his thick red fingers: "One, two, three, four—four on the bench, and there is no room? Elsa, Elsa!" he called to his wife, who was frying the sausages out in the kitchen, "there are only four boys sitting down; yet there is no room for Hans the Otherwise."

"Then Hans the Otherwise must find room for himself somewhere else!" replied the shrill voice of the mother.

There was no help for it.



"OHO, HANS THE OTHERWISE, GO THINK FOR A LIVING."



Hans turned away without a word, and went from house to house through the village, seeking shelter. The butcher gave him to eat, the baker gave him to drink, and the candlestick-maker gave him five farthings for good luck; but "There is no room!" said all the rest, and closed the door in his face—so that he came to the end of the village homeless and hopeless. And there the idlers mocked him as he leaned against a post by the way.

"Oho, Hans the Otherwise," cried one, "go think for a living!"

"Oho!" jeered another. "Go set the river on fire with your answers that nobody understands!"

And "Oho!" sneered still another. "Go answer the Baron of Nod!"

At this the crowd shouted with laughter. But Hans pulled his belt tighter about his faded gabardine; and "Thank you for nothing," said he, curtly. "I will take your advice. Answering questions is not so hard when one knows how; and a fool may know what the wise men have n't found out. Perhaps I *can* answer the Baron."

At this the loafers laughed so hard that the tears rolled down their cheeks. But Hans turned his back on the village and all, and struck out sturdily down the highway. When he came to the cross-roads he buried his five farthings under the old oak there, and set out in earnest on his journey.

He wandered over land and sea, through strange countries and among strange people; and it was a long, long while before he found the Land of Nod. And when he did come to it at last, he did not know it at all. For so many years had passed that the two little shrubs beside the stream had sprung up into a great forest, in which the trees stood so close together that the birds had to turn their mouths edgewise to sing; the rosebush had become a vast jungle of briars under which the road was lost to sight; and the three little hills had



"HERE, MY FINE FELLOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST."

grown into huge mountains so black and so high that even on the brightest summer mornings the sun never rose above them until eleven o'clock next day.

"Well," said Hans, as he drew a long breath, "I don't know where in the world I am, but Get-There never sits down!" So he fell upon his hands and knees to follow the road under the rose-bush. He had crawled only a little way, however, when he was challenged by the guard. "Here, my fine fellow," cried the Captain, "where are you going so fast?"

thick as a Brussels carpet. Moth-eaten tapestries flapped upon the moldy walls; the tall wax candles had all burned down so low that they had turned them upside down and were burning them the other way; while the very air itself had not been out in the sun for so long that it had turned yellow as saffron. Down in one cobwebby corner the Three Wise Men sat, hunting desperately through all the realms of science and philosophy for an answer. The walls were chalked full of mathematical problems so abstruse that it made Hans's head ache to look at them; and perched high up on his mildewed throne, the Baron frowned down with dust inch-deep upon his bristling brows, and his clothes so old-fashioned that they were just coming back into style.



THE THREE WISE MEN.

Hans rubbed his knees. "You don't call this fast, do you?" said he.

"Well, so slow, then," bellowed the Captain.

"Where are you going?"

"I wish I knew!" replied Hans.

"Oh, pshaw! let him go," cried one. "He is a fool."

"Not so," interposed another. "Not so; for any fool would know where he was going. Where do you come from?"

"From Narrheit," said Hans.

"What did I tell you?" cried the first. He is a fool, for they are all fools at Narrheit."

"Well, then," exclaimed the Captain, "he is certainly a wise man for coming away! We must take him to the Baron, or we are all dead men!"

So they led him over the moss-grown drawbridge and up dark stone stairways into the great hall, where the dust lay on the floor as

"Gr-r-r!" he growled, impatiently pulling his musty mustaches. "Have you found those answers yet?"

"Oh, your Grace," gasped the first, as he fell on his knees, "I have gone through the arithmetic from fractions to cube root, and if—if—"

"And I," stammered the second, "have worked the whole algebra from theorems to quadratics, but—but—"

"And I," faltered the third, "have demonstrated every proposition in the geometry, and—and—"

The Baron gritted his teeth like a gross of slate-pencils. "I am tired of your arithmetical 'ifs,' your geometrical 'ands,' and your algebraical 'buts'!" he roared in a fury. "If you don't answer those questions in so many words by supper-time, I'll—I'll—"

Indeed, there is no telling what he might not have done; but just then he spied Hans.

"Hullo!" he cried. "What 's this? Another wise man? Gr-r-r! What do *you* know, sir?"

"I know that I am not a wise man," replied Hans, calmly.

The Baron stared, surprised. "Well, I vow," he exclaimed; "*that* is more, to begin with, than any of the others knew! But can you answer questions?"

Hans rubbed his head. "I cannot say that I cannot," said he.

"Why not?" demanded the Baron, astonished.

"Why, because," said Hans, "if I say that I *cannot* answer a question, it will prove that I *can*, for then I shall have answered the one you have just asked me."

"That 's so," mused the Baron, twisting his mustache; "I had n't thought of that! Perhaps I would better ask the questions, and see."

Hans bowed, and the Baron began.

"The king has forbidden my joking," said

do not like to be trifled with), "that is all true enough, no doubt; but tell me now, with no more trifling, what is the height of the ridiculous to a hair's breadth?"

"Five feet nine inches," said Hans, with a smile.



"BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE TO ASK,"
SNAFFED THE BARON."



"WELL, I VOW!" EXCLAIMED THE BARON."

he, "because my jokes are too broad. Now, sir, tell me, how broad may a good joke be?"

"A good joke," replied Hans, slowly,—"*a very good joke*, may be just as broad as its wit is deep."

The Baron looked puzzled. "And pray," said he, "what is the depth of wit?"

"The depth of wit," returned Hans quickly, "is precisely the same as the height of the ridiculous."

The Baron looked more puzzled than ever. "Oh, come," said he, with a frown (for Barons

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the Baron. "How do you make that out?"

"Why," replied Hans, bowing modestly, "you think *me* ridiculous for giving such an answer,—and five feet nine inches is just my height!"

The Baron looked up at the ceiling, and then he looked down at the floor, perplexed. "We-e-ell," said he slowly, rubbing his chin, "that may be so, too; but—I don't see—what that has to do with the matter."

"Neither do I," said Hans; "that is for you to decide. I only give answers to the questions."

"That 's so," assented the Baron; "I had n't thought of that"; and he scratched his head. "You do answer them; and all your answers certainly seem fair, and plain enough, and easy to understand, so far as they go; yet I don't seem to have gotten to where I want to get. I suppose it must be the fault of the questions."

"You might ask something more," suggested Hans.

"But I can't think of anything more to ask,"

snapped the Baron. "We seem to have come to a sort of-stopping-place."

"I am ready to go on," said Hans, accommodatingly.

"But I don't know how to go on!" roared the Baron. "I don't know where we are, nor how we got here, and I can't see how to get to anywhere else!"

"Well, you need n't shake your fist at me!" protested Hans. "It is not my fault."



"THE THREE WISE MEN CONSPIRED TOGETHER."

"That's so," apologized the Baron, crossly; "I had n't thought of that. I suppose I may as well give up and take that for an answer; though I don't know any more about how broad a joke may be than I did before."

"I'm sorry," said Hans; "I did the best I could for you. But let's go on with the second question!"

"All right," said the Baron, brightening up. "Where can I find a buried treasure?"

For a moment Hans stood dumfounded. Then he suddenly remembered his five farthings. "Oh, that is easy enough," said he; "just dig under the old oak at the cross-roads."

Two regiments of soldiers and five huge wagons were sent galloping away in mad haste to the spot. In a short time they returned with the five farthings—one in each wagon.

"*Donnerschlag und Dunkelheit!*" sputtered the Baron, when he saw the five poor little rusty farthings. "Throw the rascal into prison!"

"Oh, come, that is n't fair!" cried Hans, in-

dignantly. "Did they not find the treasure buried just where I said they would?"

"Oh, yes," stuttered the Baron; "but it is such a small treasure!"

"To be sure," said Hans, frankly, "it is small. But you did n't ask *how large* it was; you asked only *where* it was buried."

"That's so," acknowledged the Baron, chagrined; "I had n't thought of that. It's just my luck!" said he, disgustedly. "I might just as well have asked for a large treasure as not, while we were at it;" and he chewed his mustache ruefully. "Well," said he, at length, grinning gloomily, "you've answered my questions, and I am neither the wiser nor the wealthier for being answered. But I'm a man of my word, and you shall have a heaping peck of gold. But as for those wise men," he stormed, seeking a vent for his rage somewhere, "I shall discharge them and give their back pay all to you, together with their places."

Then the three wise men were furious. It was bad enough to lose a good job in hard times, let alone losing their back pay too. So they conspired together against Hans, saying to the



"'COME, COME!' CALLED THE BARON, 'HURRY UP YOUR QUESTIONS!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Baron: "If this fellow is wiser than we are, Sire, he can, no doubt, answer all the questions we can ask him."



"HOW CAN YOU FIND A BURIED TREASURE WHENEVER YOU WISH?"

"To be sure," nodded the Baron.

"And if he cannot," said they, craftily, "he is not so wise as we are, and you ought not to keep him in our places."

"That's so," mused the Baron; "I had n't thought of that. Perhaps you would better ask him a question apiece—that would be a fair test."

Then the Three Wise Men took counsel together. "Now," said the first, "if we succeed in sending this fellow away, the first thing the Baron will ask, after he is gone, will be where to find another and a larger buried treasure—I know these Barons!"

"And then—pop!—off will go our heads!" groaned the second.

"Oh, dear, that will never do!" cried the third. "We can't be wise men without our heads! We must ask him how to find a buried treasure."

"What good will that do?" objected the first. "If he *does* tell us, it will be answering our question, so we will all lose our places."

"And if he *does n't* tell us," continued the second, "we shall keep our places—but we won't know how to find a buried treasure when he is gone."

"Come, come," called the Baron, growing impatient; "hurry up your questions!"

It was Hobson's choice with the wise men. So the first turned to Hans, and asked: "Can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"

"Yes," said Hans.

"How?" asked the wise man.

"Hold on," cried Hans, "you can't have two questions!" and the wise man sat down, biting his lips.

Then the second advanced, and asked: "How can you find a buried treasure whenever you wish?"

"By not wishing to find one," said Hans, "until I know where one is to be found."

"Oh, dear me!" protested the wise man. "That is no answer!"

"Indeed," said the Baron, "I think it is a very sensible one. It would have saved me lots of disappointment if I had followed that plan at first."

They had just one more chance left. So the three put their heads together to find a question from which there could be no possible escape. And then the third arose, with a look of malicious triumph, and asked: "How



"GOOD!" SHOUTED THE BARON.

did you know that a treasure was buried under the oak at the cross-roads?"

"Why," said Hans, laughing merrily, "I knew that a treasure was buried under the oak because I buried it there myself."

The Baron threw himself back with a roar of laughter, for he dearly relished a joke—when it was on some one else. "Good!" he shouted. "Good enough! If you want to find a buried treasure, go bury it yourself! Ho, ho, ho! Why, you have outwitted the wits at their own game!" he cried in high glee. "I could n't have done it any better myself!" which was a great deal for a Baron to admit. And then said he to Hans: "Whatever you wish, sir, speak, and it shall be yours!"

"Then please let me go back to Narrheit," cried Hans, quickly. "I would rather be a fool in peace than a wise man in peril."

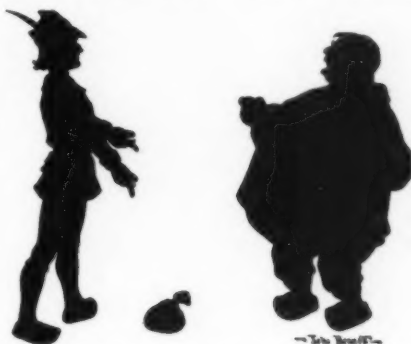
Then the Baron gave Hans a sack of gold, and sent him back to Narrheit in his own coach.

"Now, Johann Barthel," said Hans, as he

stood in the door, "I have come back to stay."

"But there is no room!" cried Johann.

Hans threw his bag of gold on the floor.



"Now, JOHANN BARTHEL, I HAVE COME BACK TO STAY."

"Don't say there is no room," laughed he. "Just make the bench a little longer!"

And that is a saying in Narrheit to this day.

THE POET TO HIS CAT.

BY REV. W. N. CLARKE.

Tuck in thy toes, prick up thine ears,
Assume a listening attitude,
And I will tell thee, happy cat,
The tale of thy beatitude;
And when I've told thee all the truth,
Just rub my hand in gratitude.

What hast thou to be thankful for
Besides thy far-famed fatitude?
Thou roamest free, with ample room,
Not housed in cramping flatitude;
And thou hast beds luxurious
On couch and chair and matitude—
Beds which but for thy hairs would be
Adorned with neatest natitude.
Thy days are passed in quietness,
Unteased by brawling bratitude;
Nor even are thy nerves outworn
By steady stream of chatitude.
Simple thy clothing, happy cat,
Unvexed by styles in hatitude.
Well may'st thou pity other cats,


Harried and worn by scatitude;
For friendly hands are stroking thee
With touch of gentle patitude,
And never once has cruelty
Stirred thee to pitapatitude.
Noble cat-pleasures fill thy life,
And swell to high ecstatitude:
Thou meetest oft thy cattish kind,
And join'st in feline spatitude;
And when the felines go for thee,
Thou giv'st them tit-for-tatitude;
And in the house thou mak'st thy boast
Of cellars cleared of ratitude.
Let other cats their homes desert
In folly blind as batitude:
Thou 'lt never seek divorce from thine
On grounds of incompatitude.

Now, cat, I've told thee all thy lot
Of happy this-and-thatitude,
And I expect to see in thee
Appreciative catitude.




A SONG FULL OF CHILDREN.


Robert Beverly Hale.




Children playing in the street,
Children patterning down the stair,
Children's voices, children's feet,
Children, children everywhere!



Children wading in the brooks,
Children caught in April showers;
Sober children reading books,
Jolly children picking flowers.



Children staring as you pass,
Children trampling flower-beds;
Funny children in the grass
With their feet above their heads.



Children out upon the bay,
Sailing off across the sea;
Children miles and miles away,
Children sitting on my knee.





Children very proud and vain,
Dressed up in the latest style;
Children smiling back again
When I look at them and smile.



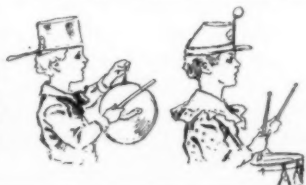
Children dancing home from school,
Children making nice mud pies;
Children fishing in the pool,
Children chasing butterflies.



Children laughing for delight,
Children crying for their bread;
Children in the streets at night
Children sound asleep in bed;



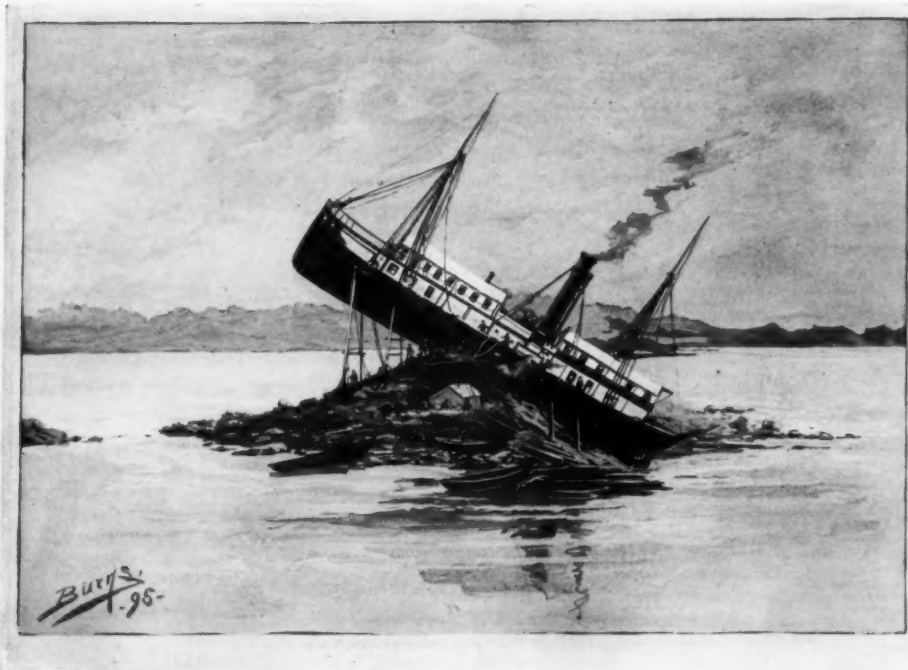
Children dressed like soldiers bold,
Marching with their flags unfurled—
Oh, our hearts have room to hold
All the children in the world!



Varian

AGROUND IN THE AMAZON.

BY CAPTAIN S. A. SWINNERTON.



TWENTY years ago a British trading-steamer, the "Augusto," made a pioneer trip up the Amazon. She ascended the Teffe River, one of the tributaries of the Amazon, in the far western part of Brazil, and tried to enter a smaller river that flows into the Teffe.

As Captain Collyer, who commanded the Augusto, did not know the channel,—and, in fact, no white man knew it at that time,—he secured a native Indian pilot. Now, it happened to be the end of the rainy season, and the little river was much higher than usual—higher than it had been for ten years; and very likely the Indian pilot was misled by this. At

all events, the Augusto ran upon a bank, and became fixed there so firmly that nothing could budge her.

It was not strange that they could not dislodge her, for, as the water went down to its usual level, it was seen that the Augusto had run upon an island, and upon that island she remained for eight months, tilted so that the highest point of the keel was forty-five feet up in the air, as the picture shows.

The crew built themselves a house on the island, and moved into it. They could n't very well live in a ship that was tilted like a toboggan slide; and, besides, who knew when the

Augusto might slide down into the river among the hungry fish—to say nothing of the big-mouthed alligators?

Word of the ship's awkward fix was written to the owners and insurers, and they sent from London men called "surveyors," to find out what it was best to do. These wise men examined the Augusto, and returned to London to see whether some sort of ponderous machine could be sent out for rescuing the poor stranded steamer.

Meanwhile other surveyors examined the case, and advised that the Augusto should be sold for whatever anybody would be foolish enough to pay; and their advice was taken.

As soon as the vessel was thus abandoned, the master of the Augusto thought he would try *his* hand at getting her afloat.

The cargo was moved toward the stern; timbers were set up to support the vessel, so that her hull would not be strained; and then the

Augusto's force-pumps were put to work, forcing water against the earth and mud just beneath her.

It was a case of

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand.

Each little stream of water carried off a few grains of sand; and soon the uptilted vessel found herself sliding gently down the hill, while the stubborn earth that had held her fast for eight long months, and which would have defied any violence less than blasting, was gently persuaded not only to let the captive go, but even to make a road for her descent to the river.

Then the English flag was hauled down, for her new owner was a Brazilian, and the yellow diamond on a green ground was hoisted as a sign that the Augusto was henceforth to belong to the great South American Republic.

Certainly the steamer was fairly earned, for she had been rescued by one man's ingenuity.

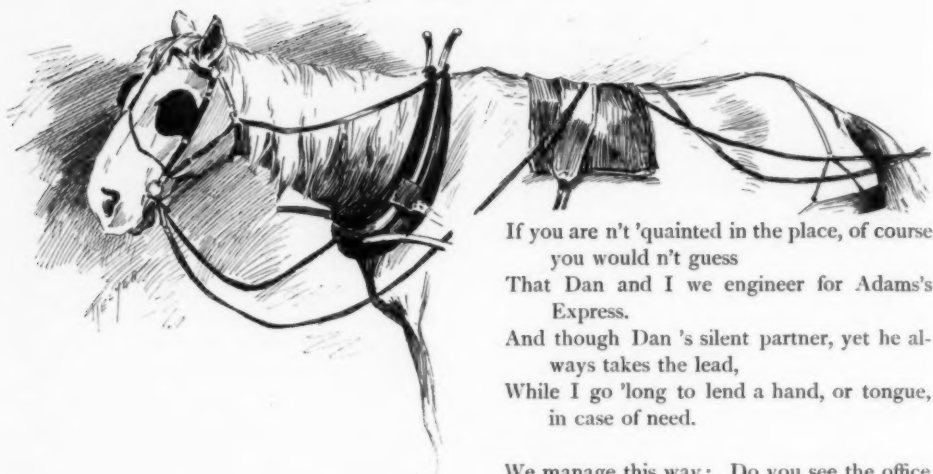
PLAYING DOMINOES.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

MISTRESS MORNING—well she knows
How to play at dominoes
With the children, blithe and gay,
Wide awake at break of day.
First she shows her bluest skies,
Matched by Mary with her eyes.
Next she plays her breezes light,
Matched with Lucy's laughter bright.
Then she throws her sunshine true,
Matched with smiles by merry Lou.
Flowers come now, sweet white and red,
Matched by Josie's flower-like head.
For each charm the morning throws
In this game of dominoes
Something sweet the children bring,
Matching her in everything.
If the game goes thus all day,
Who will be the victor, pray?

A SILENT PARTNER

BY MARY A. HOADLEY.



If you are n't 'quainted in the place, of course
you would n't guess
That Dan and I we engineer for Adams's
Express.
And though Dan 's silent partner, yet he al-
ways takes the lead,
While I go 'long to lend a hand, or tongue,
in case of need.



THE 7:05 is late
to-night; it 's
a quarter after,
now.

Come holidays,
there 's extra
work, the train-
hands all allow.

But Dan and I
know how to
wait,—been at
it all our days,—
And fretting never
hurries trains
nor helps out
other ways.

What 's that? You think I ought to go and
hitch my horse? Why, man!
None but a stranger in these parts would say
that of old Dan.
If every human had the brains that that old
horse has got,
There 'd be a scarcity of fools, so p'r'aps it 's
better not.

We manage this way: Do you see the office
next the track?

Well, there Dan leaves me when I throw the
reins across his back,
And while I 'm making out the bills, he
comes across the road,
And backs the wagon up for me all ready to
unload.

Old Dan, he knows as well as I what trains
bring in express.

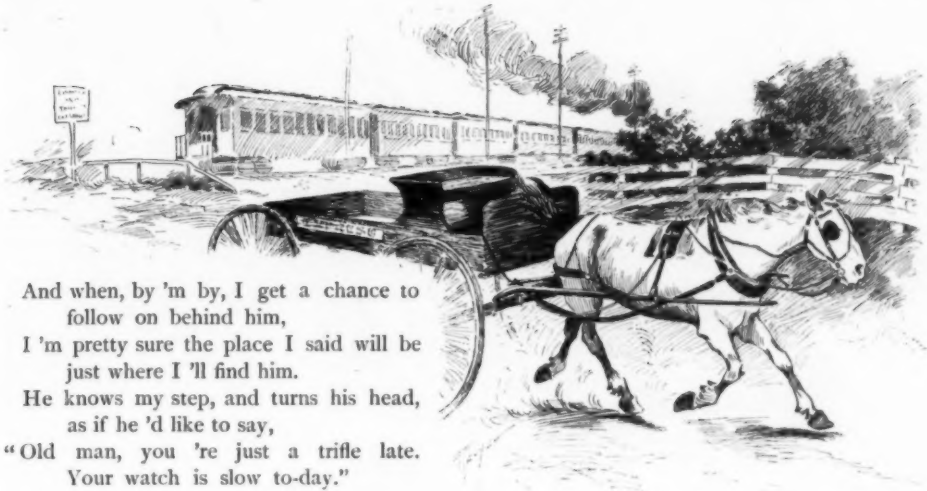
This 7:05 's the last to-night. He 'd stand
right there, I guess,
Till doomsday, waiting patiently; but when
it once has come,

No power on earth can keep old Dan from
making tracks for home.

Once in a while there comes a time when I
am hindered here,
And Dan is wanted farther up, so I say in
his ear,

"Old fellow, you go on ahead, and wait at such
a place."

He takes the middle of the road and jogs
his usual pace.



And when, by 'm by, I get a chance to
follow on behind him,
I 'm pretty sure the place I said will be
just where I 'll find him.
He knows my step, and turns his head,
as if he 'd like to say,
"Old man, you 're just a trifle late.
Your watch is slow to-day."

Old Dan, he 's took it in his head that
there 's no kind of use
In living just to please yourself, and thinks
there 's no excuse



For letting people go afoot when room 's to
spare inside,
And, consequently, folks all know where they
can catch a ride.

Though I don't like to notice it, I cannot
help but see
Old age is laying hold of Dan, and has his
eye on me.

So when Dan leaves the partnership I 'll send
my resignation,
And then there 'll be two vacancies to fill at
this 'ere station.

There goes the section-signal up! The train
is in this block.

I hope I have n't bored you, sir, with all this
foolish talk.

Yes, there 's your train. A half-hour late.
Shake hands? Yes, *sir*! Good night!

Get up, Dan! Whoa! Gee off! Back up!
Old fellow, *you 're* all right.





THE PIRATE'S LITTLE JOKE.

BY RUDOLPH F. BUNNER.

"You must not be a Pirate," said the King
across the ocean;

"You must not be a Pirate," said the People
on the shore;

"And if to chase a ship
again you make the
slightest motion,
When we catch you,
we will hang you,
as we should have
done before."

Said the Pirate to himself, "Well, this spoils
all my old trading;

I might as well sell clams—for I'm a
bucaneer no more.

But I'll get even with their laws; they'll
pay for their upbraiding,

For I'll start a pretty legend that I'll tell
along the shore."

So for many, many miles on the sandy,
wind-swept reaches,

He told strange tales in whispers of the
gold that he would hide,

And the people all went out with their
shovels on the beaches,

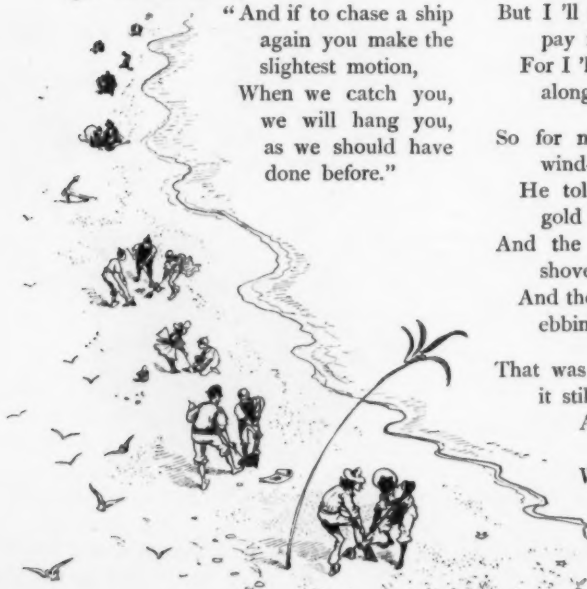
And they dug on bay and shingle by the
ebbing of the tide.

That was many years ago, but the legend
it still lingers,

And the Pirate well might smile,
for the ocean-beach is lined

With a band of earnest searchers
whose strong arms and busy
fingers

Dig for hidden golden treasures
they will never, never find.



TEDDY AND CARROTS: TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER X.

SKIP'S VENGEANCE.

It was necessary to shake the amateur farmer very rudely next morning before he could be awakened; and even after he had opened his eyes Teddy was obliged to repeat several times the well-known fact that they ought to get out of the yard before the shop was opened.

"Seems to me it 's taken half an hour to get you awake," he said, "an' now it 's time we was over the fence. I 've got stuff enough for breakfast in my pocket, an' we 'll eat as we go."

By this time Carrots was fully alive to the surroundings, and in a twinkling assumed his old character, which he fancied had been thrown off nevermore to be resumed.

As soon as they were in the street, and had begun breakfast while walking toward South Ferry, he asked his companion regarding business during his absence, and received a most satisfactory reply.

"I 've been gettin' along first-class," Teddy said; "an' we 've got a good big capital to begin on."

"But I 'm dead broke," Carrots replied mournfully. "I spent some of my money when I went out with the farmer, an' the rest of it while I was walkin' in yesterday."

"You can't be broke so long 's you 've still kept your interest in the firm, an' that eighty-six cents has grown to more 'n two dollars."

"But I don't own a share of it."

"Course you do, an' we won't have any talk 'bout it either. I 'lowed you 'd stay longer 'n you did, and so wanted you to take the whole of the cash; but you would n't, and we 're pardners jest the same 's if you 'd been here all the time, 'cause your money was in town even if you was n't."

"But I did n't do any work, did I?"

"It does n't make any more difference now than it did when I was locked up in the station-house. I did n't work then, but you made me take all the profits. It seems to me it would be a good idea to buy another box an' brushes. I 've had such luck with this, an' earned so much more 'n I did with only the papers, that we 'd better keep the two goin'."

"All right," Carrots replied enthusiastically. "I 'll get a new one, an' sell papers too."

"Do you s'pose you can buy a box ready made?"

"I reckon so. Let me have some money, an' I 'll snoop 'round City Hall, or down to Fulton Ferry. Some of the fellows will know of an outfit for sale."

Teddy handed him a dollar as he asked:

"Who 'll 'tend to the lawyer this mornin'?"

"I guess you 'd better, 'cause I might n't get my box in time, an' to-morrow I 'll start in reg'lar. Where 'll I see you this noon?"

"Come down to the ferry."

"I 'll be there, sure."

With this promise the two parted, and Teddy, quite as cautious regarding the possibility of meeting Skip as ever, went after his morning's stock of papers.

Half an hour later he was busily at work when Teenie Massey came running toward him, evidently in the highest state of excitement.

"Say, Carrots got home last night!"

"Well, don't you s'pose I know it?"

"Yes; an' so does Skip Jellison."

"How 'd you hear of it?"

"Reddy saw him down on Fulton street, an' Skip 's just wild. Says he 's goin' to thump the head off er Carrots if he shows hisself 'round this town to-day. You 'd better come right up to City Hall an' see if you can't help him!"

"Help who?"

"Why, Carrots, of course. Sid Barker said

he told one of the fellers that he was goin' up there to work, this forenoon, an' if somebody don't stop him there 'll be trouble."

"Skip won't dare to do any fightin' after the fuss with me."

"He says he will; an' he 's goin' to smash Carrots's box, so you 'd better go up."

"It seems as if I 'd only make the matter

This reminder of "the warning" caused Teddy to think there was more in the threat of Master Jellison's than he had at first believed.

The letter which Teenie brought on the day prior to Carrots's departure for the farm had for a while escaped his mind.

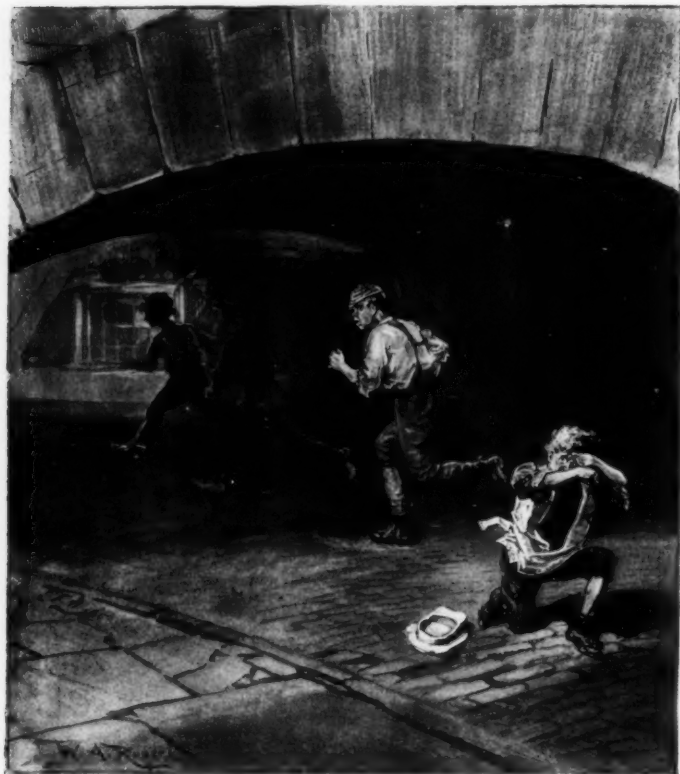
Now, however, it seemed evident, and only reasonable, that after making such a threat Skip should try to carry it into effect.

He was sadly at a loss to know exactly what he ought to do, but urged Teenie to go in search of Carrots; and when that young gentleman had departed at full speed he muttered to himself:

"It 's too bad to knock off now, when business is so good, but I s'pose it 's got to be done; an' yet I 'd be in an awful scrape if I should get 'rested ag'in for more fightin'."

While he was thus debating in his mind, the meeting which he wished to prevent was already taking place.

On leaving his friend, Carrots had visited Fulton Ferry for the purpose of calling upon an old ac-



CARROTS FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

worse," Teddy said half to himself. "I don't b'lieve Carrots 'll be fool enough to show his nose round where Skip is, an' if I go there 'll be some kind of a row sure. Why can't you manage this thing, Teenie?"

"What could I do?"

"See Carrots, an' tell him to keep away."

"I 'll try it," Teenie said doubtfully; "but I don't b'lieve he 'll listen to me. You see, after I carried him that letter he 's got a idea I 'm standin' in with Skip, an' I ain't at all."

quaintance to inquire if he knew where a second-hand box could be found for sale.

It was during this interview that Reddy saw him, and reported the fact of his arrival to Skip.

Failing in his purpose at this point, Carrots went boldly up to the City Hall with never a thought in his mind of the peremptory order to leave town which he had received.

One by one, he greeted the acquaintances whom he met, repeating the story which he had already told Teddy relative to his experiences

on the farm, and asked concerning the welfare of those friends whom he had left behind.

As a matter of course, all this required considerable time, and the forenoon was nearly half spent when he reached City Hall Park.

Business in the newspaper line was usually dull at this hour, and he found quite a party of his brother merchants in the vicinity of the park, with apparently no other idea than that of passing the time as pleasantly as possible.

Carrots approached as he would have done a week previous, and was soon in the center of the interested throng, who were listening to his views of country life in general and his own experience in particular, when a stranger approached him and whispered:

"Did you get that box you wanted to buy?"

"No," Carrots replied. "Have you got one to sell?"

"A feller I know of has, an' it's a dandy!"

"Where is it?"

"Down on Rose street, under the bridge."

"I'll go there in a minute." And Carrots turned to continue his story, when the stranger whispered:

"You'll have to come quick, or he'll be gone; and this is the biggest trade you ever saw."

It is probable Carrots would not have interrupted himself in the pleasing task of describing the incidents which happened on the farm during his presence there, but for the fact that he remembered what Teddy had said regarding the necessity of being industrious; and realizing that he had already wasted more time than his partner might approve of, he hurried away with the stranger, without once thinking to inquire how the latter could have learned he was in need of a bootblack's outfit.

The messenger went rapidly toward the point designated, and Carrots followed, never thinking of possible danger.

On reaching Rose street he saw no boy near the bridge, and was about to ask his guide if the alleged owner of the box had not gone to some other portion of the city, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and, turning his head slightly, he saw Skip's face.

"So you had the nerve to come back here, did you?" Master Jellison asked, working him-

self into a passion, which was not a very difficult task for him.

"Come back here? Where else could I go?" Carrots asked, frightened, and at the same time determined that the enemy should not see any signs of fear on his face.

"It does n't make any difference to me where you ought ter gone, so long 's you come here. Now I 'm goin' to serve you jest as I threatened. Hold him, Sid, while I see what he's got in his clothes."

At this instant Sid, Reddy, and another boy came out from their hiding-places, and the transfer of the prisoner was quickly made.

Sid held Carrots by the hands in such a manner as to prevent the slightest movement save at the expense of considerable pain, and the stranger volunteered to act as sentinel during the punishment.

Skip understood that it was necessary for him to work very rapidly lest he should be interrupted by the guardians of the peace, and no pickpocket could have been more skilful than he in searching the prisoner.

"Here! don't you take that—it ain't mine!" Carrots cried as his enemy seized the dollar which Teddy had given him.

"Then, if it ain't yours, I reckon it's mine."

"I'll have you 'rested for stealin' if you don't put that right back!" Carrots threatened, struggling in vain to release himself from Sid's detaining grasp.

"I reckon you won't be able to do much of anything by the time I get through with you," Skip replied, with an exasperating chuckle. "This is jest about as much as I need to pay for the swell dinner we fellers want; an' when I see the owner I'll give it back to him, if I feel like it."

Then, without further parley, he began to beat the helpless boy in the most cruel manner, and probably would have continued until Carrots had received serious injury had it not been for a warning cry from the sentinel.

Master Jellison was very careful of his own precious body. He had no idea of allowing himself to be captured, since he might be brought before the same judge to whom Carrots had told the story of his attack on Teddy; and therefore he delayed his flight only long enough to say threateningly:

"Now, if you an' that chump from Saranac don't get out er this part of the city before to-morrow mornin', I 'll fix you so 's you can't even wiggle." And, with a blow by way of emphasis, he started at full speed toward the water-front, Sid, Reddy, and the sentinel following close at his heels.

Poor Carrots was in a sad plight. His nose was bleeding, his cheek cut, and his head buzzing like a mill-wheel from the effects of the blows.

He seated himself on the curb-stone, and was giving full sway to the grief and anger of his heart, when some one touched him gently on the shoulder.

Looking up quickly, he saw Teenie Massey, who asked in surprise:

"Why, what 's the matter? Did Skip catch you?"

"Yes, he did; an' he stole a dollar that belonged to Teddy."

The enormity of this last offense caused Master Massey more surprise than if he had seen his friend in a much worse bodily condition. He had feared Carrots might get a whipping, but never believed Skip would be so bold as to commit downright robbery.

"How did it happen?" he asked solicitously.

Carrots told his story in the fewest possible words, and concluded by making the most dismal and bloodthirsty threats relative to what he would do to Master Jellison when the proper time should arrive—all of which had but little effect on Teenie.

When from sheer lack of breath the victim was forced to cease speaking, Master Massey asked in a matter-of-fact tone:

"Where do you s'pose you 'll live now?"

"Where will I live? Why, the same place I allers have, of course."

"But you won't dare to if Skip 's goin' to cut up this way."

"I 'll have him 'rested for stealin', an' then we 'll see how he 'll act. I guess he 'll get sick of tryin' to run fellows out er town!"

Teenie made no reply to this threat because he did not believe it would be carried into effect, but said in what he intended should be a soothing tone:

"It ain't likely he 'll try to do anythin' more

to-day, so you 'd better brace up an' get some of the blood off of your face. I 've jest been down to tell Teddy what I heard Skip say he was goin' to do, an' you ought ter get 'round to the ferry, 'cause he 'll be huntin' for you."

"I 'm goin' to see that lawyer first, an' find out what can be done with Skip."

"Well, you want ter kind of spruce up a bit before you do that, for you don't look very fine now, Carrots."

"I 'll jest leave the blood all over my face till the judge sees it."

"Then you 'll stand a good chance of bein' 'rested for a pirate, 'cause you look like one." And Teenie, understanding that it would be useless to argue further with Carrots while he was in such a frame of mind, believed it his duty to notify the victim's partner that it was useless for him to neglect business, since the mischief had already been done.

Leaving the disconsolate victim of Skip's vengeance on the curb-stone, Master Massey walked slowly toward the City Hall; but before he was very far from the scene of the late encounter, he met Teddy.

A few words sufficed to acquaint the latter with all that had happened.

It certainly was discouraging, to say the least, that Master Thurston should be obliged to spend so much time just at this hour, when trade was most flourishing; but he did not neglect what was manifestly his duty, even though it cost him so much in the way of prospective profits.

His first thought on approaching his partner was to attempt to soothe him; but after a few moments he realized how useless such a task would be, and proceeded at once to more heroic measures.

"Now, see here, Carrots, this won't do at all. It ain't any good for you to try to have Skip 'rested for takin' that dollar, an' the lawyer 'll be mad, jest as likely as not, if you go to him 'bout it. Course it 's pretty hard to git sich a thumpin'; but it 's over now, an' we 've got to figger how we can git the best of that villain ourselves."

"He 's worse 'n a villain—he 's a heathen!" Carrots yelled.

"Well, call it a heathen then. We 'll square

up with him before we 're much older, an' that 's a good deal better 'n tryin' to get somebody else to do it for us. I 'll bet he has to give up that money before a week, an' we can 'ford to wait two or three days for the sake of doin' the thing right."

"I don't see how we 'll ever get the best of Skip. He 's always got his gang with him."

"We 'll find some way before long, so you 'd better fix yourself up and get to work. There 's all the more need of hustling now we 've lost a dollar."

"I did n't lose it! It was stole!"

"Well, it 's gone, an' we 've got to make it up. Now, be a man, an' to-night we 'll talk this thing over."

Teddy spoke so sternly that Carrots was forced to obey; and, walking slowly and mournfully to City Hall Park, he washed his face in the basin of the fountain, drying it as well as he could with the sleeve of his coat, for Teddy no longer carried his newspaper valise since he had a dwelling-place in which to leave it.

As a matter of course, Carrots's friends who chanced to be in the vicinity insisted on knowing exactly what had happened, and on being informed of the outrage denounced the perpetrator of the villainy in no measured terms.

"He 'll get hisself into trouble if he keeps on

this way very long," one of the listeners said when the story had been told in all its details. "I 've got tired seein' him tryin' to run the whole town, an' it strikes me there oughter be enough other fellows that feel the same way to set down on him."

More than one expressed the same opinion, and Teddy was made happy by hearing suggestions as to what should be done to curb Master Jellison's ambitions; but although very much advice was given, no one volunteered anything in the way of assistance toward righting the wrong that had been done.

Vain threats and denunciations would not bring back the stolen money, and to Teddy this was more important than "squaring himself" with Skip. Therefore, after having waited for Carrots to talk with his friends as long as he thought absolutely necessary, he whispered:

"Now, see here, old man, I 've got to go to work. We must n't fool any more time away. Let 's earn what we can the rest of the day, an' to-night we 'll fix up some kind of a plan."

Carrots would have been better pleased to remain with his friends; but his partner was so peremptory that he could not refuse to go to work, and half an hour later the business associates were industriously engaged either in selling papers or blacking boots, according to the demands of their customers.

(To be continued.)

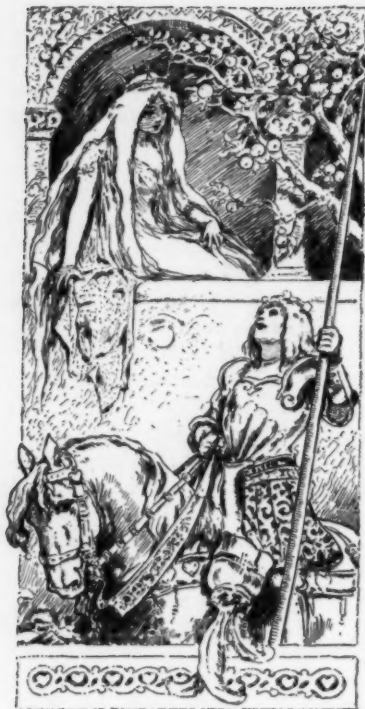
How The Godmother Failed

A Latter-Day Fairy Tale

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

THE Princess was fair as a maid could be,
And she bore the stamp of a high degree;
She lived in a palace, and dressed in blue,
As the daughters of Kings are apt to do;
And the palace had fir-trees round about
(The usual run of them have, no doubt).
The Princess loved a Prince in mail,
As one always does in a fairy-tale.

He was handsome and brave, but, just the same,
He had n't a cent to his royal name—
Which, as every one knows who knows a thing,
Is a fatal defect in a future king.
So the maid might weep and the maid might
moan—
Her father's heart was as hard as stone.
He locked her up in a tower room,



All horrible spiders and darkest gloom,
To worry as if her heart would break;
And all for her penniless Prince's sake!
Perhaps it *was* mean of the stern old King,
But in fairy-tales it is quite the thing!

Well, the Princess had, as need scarce be told,
A fairy godmother, bent and old.
She came through the wall, with her magic wand,
And the situation she deeply conned,
And shortly evolved a brilliant plan,
As fairy godmothers always can.
At night, when the white stars filled the skies,
The Princess opened her great gray eyes;
And in at the window smoothly rolled
A fairy bicycle built of gold,
With cobweb spokes and a silver tire,
And its lantern filled with the glow-worm's fire —
A new invention, and, what is more,
Not met with in fairy-tales before.

So the Princess mounted, and through the air
She skilfully wheeled her way to where
The Prince was waiting among the firs
With another bicycle just like hers.
Away they sped like the whirling wind,
Leaving her father far behind.

Swift as he could the King pursued,
Uttering words that were highly rude;
But after a time he stopped to laugh,
For both of the wheels had snapped in half!
They tell me machines of the finest make
Sooner or later are bound to break;





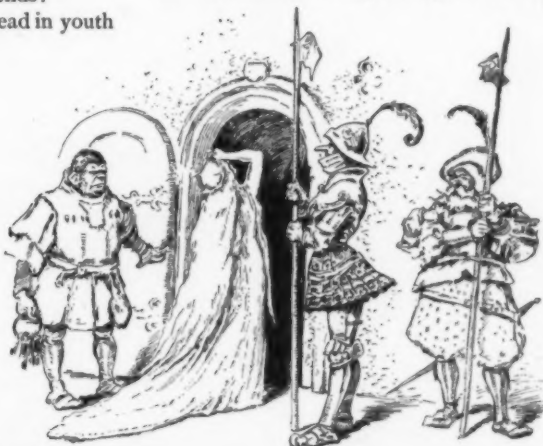
So we cannot wonder in case we 're told
That a fairy bicycle built of gold,
With cobweb spokes and a silver bar,
Is not of much use to travel far!

Back to the dreary tower room,
Back to the spiders and darkest gloom,
The Princess went with the stern old King;
And the bronze door shut with a dismal ring,
And — alas for the maid! — her pauper swain
Was never so much as seen again.

Perhaps you will say, my little friends,
"What a horrible way this story ends!"
But you know the tales that you read in youth



Vary a bit from the strictest truth.
So my moral — at least the way it looks —
Is — *Sometimes it's different from the books!*



THE MANATEE, TAPIR, AND PECCARY.

(Eighteenth paper of the series on North American Quadrupeds.)

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

OF all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the MANATEE.

MANATEE.

(*Man-a-tus A-mer-ican-us.*)

While it is not by any means a quadruped, yet it is so large, so little known, and so interesting, as to fairly demand a place in these papers.

Although this strange creature is of goodly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of thirteen feet, yet I venture to say that not more than one person out of every four thousand in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question, "What is a Manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, of a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The Manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, bag-like body, short neck, blunt nose, and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the Manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the Manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea-lion. It has no hair,—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes, and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal, and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of

rivers that flow into the sea in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even to-day this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of water, a number of Manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie River, Brevard Co., Florida, which flows into Indian River, eighteen miles above Jupiter Inlet. Their presence there has been well known for twenty years or so; but, fortunately for them, they possess neither the checkered-leather hide of the sad-eyed alligator, the spun-glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey; and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated.

In 1888, plucky Captain Zellers, of Titusville, went a-fishing for them with a 300-foot net, made of rope, and caught four specimens alive and unhurt. Three were shipped in tanks of water to New York. During that year they were shown at New York and Cape May; but at the approach of winter all died from the want of a warm aquarium. The skeleton represented in our illustration, now in the National Museum, formerly belonged to a St. Lucie River Manatee, thirteen feet in length, which was collected, "for scientific purposes," by Mr. Shipman, of Rochester, in 1884.

The Manatee belongs to a mammalian order called *Si-re'ni-a*, or Sea Cows, which contains only three species: our Manatee, that of West Africa, and the dugong of Australia. As its clumsy form suggests, it is an animal of quiet

and even sluggish habits, entirely harmless, and easily taken when once its haunts are known. When at home, its food consists of tender aquatic plants and grasses, always eaten under water, and its presence is generally revealed by the bits of broken stems and grass which escape and float to the surface above where it is feeding.

In captivity it feeds on cabbage, lettuce, the leaves of the canna, celery tops, water-cress, spinach, and also certain kinds of ocean sea-weed. In the St. Lucie River, its favorite food is a luxuriant, trailing aquatic grass, called manatee grass, in which the Manatee finds not only good food, but good hiding-places from its human enemies.

The bones of this animal are massive, solid, and quite heavy (some hunters will tell you its bones are "solid ivory"), and its skin is as thick and tough as that of a hippopotamus. I have seen very good canes made of strips of manatee-skin, twisted like a lightning-rod, and dried. Its flesh is very good, and to me it tastes quite like lean pork. Curiously enough,

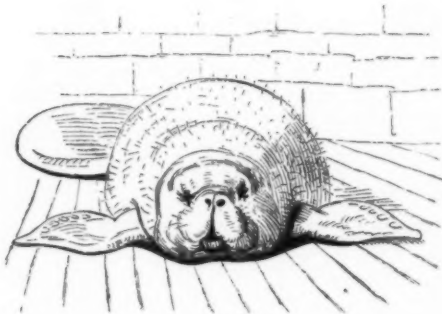
hazard a guess that Mr. Shipman's Manatee must have weighed between 1000 and 1200 pounds.

In Florida the Manatee once inhabited several localities on the Gulf Coast as far north as Tampa, if not even farther, and on the Atlantic side it is known to have been taken at St. Augustine. Whether it is still to be found alive on the west coast is a question; but I doubt it very much. At all events, it was once sufficiently abundant there to bestow its name upon a county, a river, and a thriving town at the mouth of Tampa Bay.

In more southern latitudes, the American Manatee is found at certain points on the coast of Cuba (I found it myself in the Isle of Pines, in 1875), and of Yucatan, Honduras, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the coast of South America generally, but particularly the Guianas and the Amazon, as far south as southern Brazil. The feeling is a foolish one, I know, but for all that, as a patriotic American, I have always felt positively proud of the fact that we can count the Manatee as belonging to the mammalian fauna of the United States. But that is not a circumstance to the genuine joy I felt in the discovery of a true crocodile of huge dimensions in Southern Florida, and in forcing jealous and unbelieving foreign naturalists to accept the credentials of *Crocodilus acutus Floridanus*. At first they all seemed to feel that we had no right to have a genuine crocodile, fourteen feet long, all our own! But we have it, nevertheless.

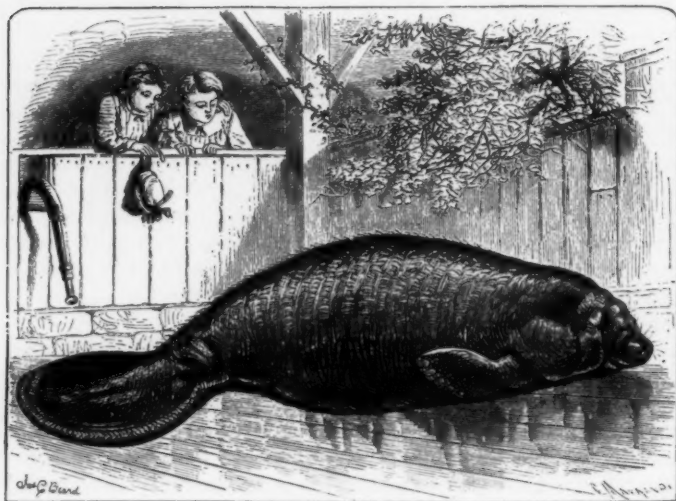
Still less known in this country, and never seen, either in menageries or museums, are the two species of Tapir found in Central America. The sleek, plump-bodied, chocolate-brown Tapir of South America we do see occasionally, both alive and dead, but of BAIRD'S TAPIR there is *not*

even one adult stuffed specimen in existence, either in this country or in Europe. A few skulls and skeletons, and two or three mutilated and unmountable skins are positively all the world possesses in representation of this species, and, what is still worse, no naturalist has yet had an opportunity to even write a description of the full-grown animal! The young animal is known to be of a reddish-brown



A PRETTY FRONT FACE.

this strange creature actually sheds its outer skin every year, as does a serpent. The living specimens that from time to time have been captured and kept for exhibition in Demerara, Philadelphia, New York, and London, have in all cases been of small or medium size, varying in length from four to seven feet. The one which was shown in the Central Park Menagerie, in 1873, was 6 feet 9½ inches in length, and weighed 450 pounds, from which we may



THE MANATEE.

color, marked with irregular white spots and stripes.

Our universal poverty in specimens of the Tapir named in honor of Professor Baird is not due to the extreme rarity of the animal, but rather to a lack of enterprise on the part of the intelligent white men who from time to time have had it in their power to procure and to preserve specimens. The animal is well known in Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Southern Mexico.

Although Tapirs are usually found along small and well-shaded rivers in the hot lowlands of the tropics, they are frequently found on forest-covered mountains as well. Dr. Frantzius informs us that in Costa Rica Baird's Tapir is found both in the lowlands and on the highest mountain ranges. He says also that "it is much hunted, for its flesh is very delicate; the backwoodsmen salt it, or dry it in the air, and thus provide themselves with large stores. Its thick hide is very useful. . . Tapirs are very fond of the salt-licks which are formed in the

neighborhood of the numerous mineral springs by the evaporation of the saline water. Here they are either shot with bullets on moonlight nights, or are hunted down with dogs, and killed with spears."

In Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica there lives another species, known as Dow's TAPIR, of

DOW'S TAPIR.

(*Tapirus Dowi*.)

which a little more is known than of the preceding. In Messrs.

Salvin and Goodman's *Biologia Centrali-Americana*, there is a very excellent illustration which represents a nearly adult mounted specimen in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. The color of the animal is a nearly uniform blackish brown.

The food of the Tapir consists of the soft and fleshy plants which grow abundantly along



THE SKELETON OF A MANATEE.

the margins of tropical rivers, and in dense forests where the humidity is great. This animal is almost as fond of water as the capybara, and when attacked always heads straight for the nearest stream. It is very shy, very keen-witted, and without dogs is difficult to kill.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect, the COLLARED PECCARY is one. Al-

COLLARED PECCARY.

(Di-cof-y-les ta-jas'su.)

though he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the wild West, he gets mad

is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but, like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear man and his deadly firearms.

Not long since, Mr. Baker visited Uvalde Co., Texas, for the purpose of collecting "Musk Hogs," as the Peccaries are there called, and the following is an extract from a very interesting letter he sent me from the seat of war:

We are now camped in the low country, about fifty miles from the Mexican border. This country is one vast thicket of mesquite, "cat-claw," and prickly-pear. Everything has a thorn, and without leather leggings riding is impossible. I have had much difficulty in finding any one who would help me in getting the Hogs, as all are afraid of having their dogs killed; but at last I found a man who was willing to hunt with me.

We have camped by a deserted ranch, which shelters us from the pouring rains, rise every morning before daybreak, and as soon as it is light enough to ride with safety, are in the saddle. When-



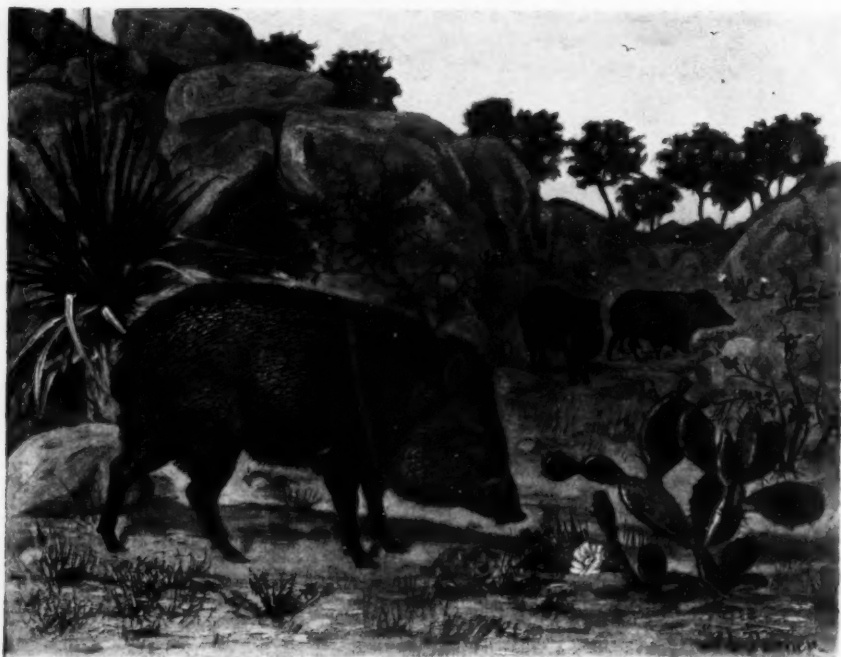
SOUTH AMERICAN TAPIRS.

quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a-gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker, of the Washington "Zoo," points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas Peccary can do when he is very angry.

This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red River of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas it is no longer abundant save in the low jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves, like the White-Lipped Peccary, and it

ever the dogs find a hog-trail, we have a lively race, tearing after them through brush and thorns, until the trail ends either in a dense thicket, or a den in the rocks. In the latter cases we have had two or three lively scenes, in one of which an enraged Peccary, beset by the dogs, charged down upon me, and with a vicious sidewise swipe of his tusks, cut clean through my leggings. But for the thick leather, the little beast would have laid my leg open to the bone.

Whenever the dogs brought a Peccary to bay, we would shoot it as soon as we could do so without the risk of killing a dog: but I regret to say that yesterday our best dog was nearly killed by a Musk Hog. However, we have already secured thirteen fine specimens.



THE COLLARED PECCARY.

THE WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY, of Central America generally, and southward to Paraguay, is more sociable in

WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY.

(*Di-col'y-les la-bi-a'tus.*)

its habits than the other species, and is sometimes found in droves of from fifty to one hundred individuals. This species is quite pugnacious, possibly emboldened by the number of able-bodied fighters, and many stories are

told of peccary hunters who have in turn been hunted, and forced to climb trees for safety.

In its habits the Peccary is always a true hog, with an appetite for anything that can be chewed and swallowed. Naturally its principal source of food-supply is found in nuts, mast, roots, and fruits; but it also eats reptiles, worms, larvæ, eggs, young animals when available, and crops when any are within reach.

A LITTLE BOY'S VAIN REGRET.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

HE was six years old, just six that day,
And I saw he had something important to say
As he held in his hand a broken toy:
He looked in my face for an instant, and then
He said, with a sigh, and a downcast eye,
"If I could live my life over again,
I think I could be a better boy!"

WHO CARES?

BY HARRIET F. BLODGETT.

Who cares what borders on Japan?
Who wants the rule of three
When the sun is shining in the sky
And birds sing on the tree?

Who cares for height of mountain-top,
Just when a kite can fly
Above the highest clouds that float?
I'm sure it is not I!

And if ten men can dig a well,
Now who would give a pin
To know how many days each one
Would take to dig it in?

If Chinese people upside down
Must walk—what matter, pray?
Or live on rats, and lie awake
All night, and sleep all day?

If James and John have three pounds six,
Whatever that may be
In cents and dollars, I am sure,
Is nothing much to me!

If any boy or girl alive
Cares for such things as these,
Let them come in, and we'll go out,
And thank you—if you please!





BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

It does n't pay to be cross —
It's not worth while to try it;
For Mammy's eyes so sharp
Are very sure to spy it;

A pinch on Billy's arm,
A snarl or a sullen gloom,
No longer we stay, but must up and away
To the Howlery Growlery room.



Alberto Rinaldi
Whaling

Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
 Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
 There we may stay,
 If we choose, all day;
 But it's only a smile that can bring
 us away.

If Mammy catches me
 A-pitching into Billy;
 If Billy breaks my whip,
 Or scares my rabbit silly:
 It's "Make it up, boys, quick!"
 Or else you know your doom!"
 We must kiss and be friends, or the squabble ends
 In the Howlery Growlery room.

Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
 Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
 There we may stay,

If we choose, all day;
 But it's only a smile that can bring
 us away.

So it does n't pay to be bad;
 There's nothing to be won in it:
 And when you come to think,
 There's really not much fun in it.
 So, come! The sun is out,
 The lilacs are all a-bloom.
 Come out and play, and we'll keep away
 From the Howlery Growlery room.

Chorus. Hi! the Howlery! ho! the Growlery!
 Ha! the Sniffery, Snarlery, Scowlery!
 There we may stay,
 If we choose, all day;
 But it's only a smile that can bring
 us away.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

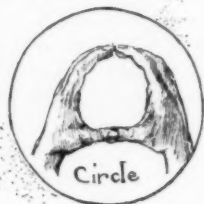


"VENICE!—AND MY PAPA'S THERE, NOW!"

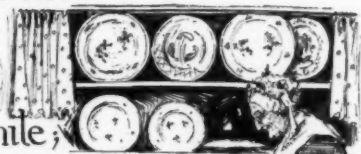
Finger Play

By Edith
Goodyear.

The little space 'twixt fingers & thumbs
Is round as a circle you see!



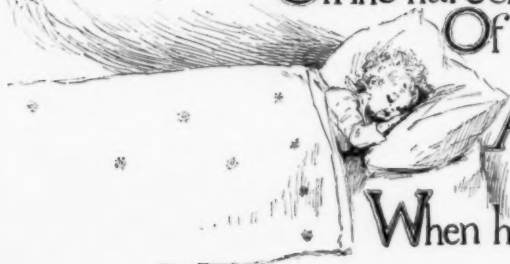
While in there, a tiny square
Shows corners four to me.



Circles are like the daisies white;
Like pennies, candies, and plates,
Like Grandma's cookies & pumpkin pies;
And best of all, the pretty blue
In Baby's laughing eyes.



The square makes me think of the rug where he sits
On the nursery floor at play;
Of the lawn where he rolls
in the sunshine bright,
And the dainty spread
that covers his bed
When he's fast asleep at night.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

BACK again to school,
Hear the bells a-ringing!
Feet a-dancing, heads a-whirl,
Shouting boy and smiling girl,
Apron trim and shining curl,
Here they come a-singing
Back again to school.

Back again to school,
Clear September weather,
Wayside goldenrods ablow;
Eyes a-sparkle, cheeks aglow,
Down the grassy ways they go,
Merry mates together
Back again to school.

So sings your friend Dorothy Deane in a song lately sent you in Jack's care, my young book-devourers; and your Jack heartily joins in the invisible chorus of good will and fine spirits.

CORKS.

WHO knows where corks come from? This question was asked of the children of the red school-house one day, and some funny answers came.

One child said, "From bottles"; another timidly shouted, "The druggist's"; another said, "Off of trees"; and the dear Little Schoolma'am began to feel rather discouraged. Suddenly a freckled little fellow of eight summers held up his hand.

"Well, Eddie," said the Little Schoolma'am, encouragingly.

"I think corks are trees,—I mean there are cork-trees,—and all sorts of things are made out of them, such as life-preservers and everything."

"Very good," said the dear Little Schoolma'am. And then she read to the class a little paper about the cork-tree.

To-day every one of those children knows that

Spain is a great country for cork-trees. Some of them know more yet on the subject, for they have inquired, and also have looked in the cyclopedia. You may follow the same plan, my chicks, whenever you feel like doing so.

What sort of tree is it, I wonder, big or little? does it bear flowers? Is the trunk all cork, or is the cork only the bark, or else the center of the trunk? My birds don't seem to know. One traveled fellow says that the cork-tree is "a kind of oak." Now, is that possible, my wise ones?

THAT FLORIDA LEAF.

MANY letters have come to this pulpit in answer to the message I gave you in April from Lutie E. D. I should like to show all these notes to you, my friends, but that is not practicable. Rita C., who writes pleasantly from St. Leo, Florida, says that her papa calls the plant the Bryophyllum; Ida May Ingersoll sends word from Florida that where she is living, and in Cuba also, it is called the Chandelier plant; E. J. H., now in Pernambuco, Brazil, says: "I have seen hundreds of these wonderful plants growing here in Brazil. I often pick one and put it away in a drawer, and in two weeks instead of one leaf there are many."

Next comes Cecil Barr, whose letter tells us about the leaf. He says:

I have read of a sprig of this life-leaf plant about fifteen feet long, cut from a banyan tree on this island of Nassau, which sprouted three months after it was cut, without water or earth, and with no other culture than being first packed in a trunk, and then hung up on a nail!

Last of all comes a delightful letter from a young girl of fourteen. It is so satisfactory and interesting, you shall have it entire:

MY DEAR "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT": I think this is the first letter you have had from Uruguay or even from South America, because I have never seen any from here among the letters to you. I am writing in answer to the letter about the "Florida Leaf" in the April number of St. NICHOLAS, 1895. From the description given I think it must be "The Life Plant," or "Leaf of Life" (Bryophyllum calycinum, natural order Grassulaceae—Stone Crop and House-Leek family). It is a native of Asia, found in the Malaccas; it is a tall plant and grows to about three feet high with thick, bright green, succulent leaves, notched, leaving rounded segments; the stem of the plant is a pinkish brown color, the flowers are large and pendulous, of a greenish yellow, sometimes turning to purple. It is a greenhouse plant, but grows wild in Jamaica, West Indies, Brazil, and in Entre Rios, Argentine Republic. In Jamaica it is considered a great curiosity by the Creoles on account of its tenacity of the living principle, whence it is called the "Leaf of Life." A single leaf, if broken off and hung by a thread in a room, or put into a box or book, will begin to grow from every notch in little pink buds that soon turn green and form little leaves with long rootlets like threads. It grows if thrown upon the ground even if the leaves are cut in halves. It can only be dried to be put in a herbarium by first killing it with a hot iron or by boiling water. In its native country it grows in the hottest, stoniest places. Here, where I live, it grows very well, although it does not belong to this country and has not yet flowered. The hot climate suits it, and a small sprig that was brought here from Rio Janeiro nearly two years ago has given us about a hundred plants.

I am fourteen years old and live on an Estancia (that is a cattle and sheep farm, which corresponds to the ranches in North America). I was born here, but my father and mother are English. The Estancia is one of the largest; it is nine square leagues in size and has lovely woods as well as treeless parts (pampas); it is nearly surrounded by rivers, one of which is the Uruguay. There are 10,000 cattle, 40,000 sheep, 700 horses and about 2,000 ostriches. The men on the place speak only Spanish and are called "Lyanchos" and have a very picturesque dress; they nearly all ride well, and some of them are horse-breakers. My sister and I have only just begun to take St. NICHOLAS, but for ten years we have had it given to us in bound numbers and we like it very much. I will write to you again soon and tell you more about this country and the house I live in. I am very interested in "The Boy of the First Empire"; I like stories of that time.

Your loving reader,
FLORENCE M. RICKETTS.

THE WISE DOGS OF HOT MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have just read in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, a letter from a

reader which states that the native Mexican dogs have no hair. This is true, as I can testify, having myself seen one of these curious dogs.

There is no hair on any part of the body except a tuft of down on top of the head and on the tip of the tail.

Very sincerely your friend,

FLORENCE W—.

WHITE-WINGED ANTS.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Here is something I want to tell you about. After the first autumn rain here, millions of white-winged ants throng the air. They generally come in flocks and you will see patches of them on the sidewalks when you are only too close to them. They do not sting, but they stick like burrs.

For a while after you will see countless wings lying upon the ground, but their owners have disappeared.

What causes the ants, and where do they come from? I think they come from the trees, for you find them most on the tree-shaded sidewalks.

Hoping to get an answer from yourself or some of your congregation, Your devoted hearer,

HARRIET E. G—.

WORK AND PRIZES FOR SPELLERS.

FIFTY BRAND NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS.

HERE is a story in verse that has given the dear Little Schoolma'am quite a shock. Though written expressly for you by her bright and honored friend, Mrs. E. T. Corbett, the precious little lady says she "*cannot stand it.*"

Think of that! Well, finally, with Mrs. Corbett's cordial consent, the Little Schoolma'am asks each and all of you boys and girls to "go carefully over" this story,—so full of queer, inappropriate spellings,—and write it out for her with all the words given correctly. I tell her she 'll have hundreds of copies, and surely she needs only one; but the dear soul says there cannot be too many. The more the merrier. And she is going to have judges who will examine all the copies and award prizes for the best twenty-four,—prizes of brand new one-dollar bills: ten of them for the very best one sent; five each for the three next best; two each for the five next best, and one each for the fifteen next best in order.

Well, here is the story. For further particulars concerning the spelling contest, I am requested to refer you to THE LETTER BOX* of this month.

MARION'S ADVENTURES.

A LITTLE made wanted two go too a bawl.
Said mamma: "Ewer to young;" butt she cried:
"Knot at awl—

I'll where my wight frock, with read gloves, I
suppose;

My blew shoes will bee suite with rows-colored
beaux,

And there 's my knew wring—'t is all that eye
knead.

I 'll be dressed in grate stile, and seam lovely
indeed."

VOL. XXII.—132.

* See page 1052.

To the garden she flue, saying: "No thyme to
spare;

I must chews a nice flour to put in my hare."

But the garden was bear, and Marion side.

Neither bury nor bud in the boarders could hied.

She stood on the path four a minute, I wean,

But a beat and a bolder alone could be scene.

A cent from sum leaks was born on the gale.

"I 'll go," she exclaimed; "to the would and
the veil."

Sew she went on her weigh, but she went fourth
in vane.

She caught a bad cold, she was horse and in
pane;

She would clime on a bow:—wen it broke with
her wait,

She regretted the feet, for she could n't walk
strait.

She uttered a whale—"Owe! my heal and my
tow!

I 've injured my gate—I 've dun it, I no!"

A rye face she maid, and grate tiers did she
shed—

Then homeward she limped, hart heavy as led.

As she hide to her rheum the clock peeled out ate,
And Marion fane wood have dressed for the fate,
But she fell in a feint. When her farther was
toll'd

The sad tail, he turned pail: "If our hoarse
wasn't soled,

And the whether so fowl—air an our it will rein—
I 'd caul for the doctor to lessen her pane."

So Marion wept—she had mist the gay bawl,
And she gave a deep grown that was herd inn
the haul.

THE STATES IN RHYME.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.





Eighteen hundred and sixty-one
Can ne'er forgotten be;
'T was then that "Bleeding Kansas" came
And joined our family.

In infancy this thriving child
Through many troubles passed,
But ever since she's run alone
Few States have grown so fast.

A lovely prairie land is this,
With many a happy home;
And herds of cattle, flocks of sheep,
Where bison used to roam.

The Kansas River, flowing east,
To the broad Missouri goes,
While south and east the Arkansas
To the Mississippi flows.



EDITORIAL NOTE.

WE are sure that all our readers will welcome the announcement in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit pages this month of a prize competition; and the exercise in spelling offered by the ingenious verses, "Marion's Adventures," will be found very entertaining and not really difficult.

In sending copies of the verses, all young competitors must be careful to write on only one side of the paper, and to sign the full name and address in every instance. Do not write letters or notes that require any reply, as we cannot undertake to answer questions. The conditions of the contest are fully stated in the Little Schoolma'am's offer and in the following paragraphs:

The competition is limited to subscribers and regular readers of ST. NICHOLAS from the ages of ten to sixteen inclusive; and in awarding the prizes, not only the correctness of the version will be considered, but also the age of the sender, the general neatness of the copy, penmanship, and the time of receipt (allowing for the distance of the sender's residence from New York). All copies of the verses for this competition must be in hand by October 20th, and no competitor can submit more than

one copy. For the protection of all, moreover, each copy offered must be signed by a parent, guardian, or teacher of the sender, with these words: I hereby certify that this is the unaided work of — (name) of — (address), aged —

While the Little Schoolma'am of course hopes to obtain a large number of correct copies, it is possible that an absolutely correct version may not be received, and so some of those containing a few errors may still succeed in winning a prize. To many boys and girls the work will be easy, and from all it will require only care and patience. No reader of ST. NICHOLAS, therefore, need hesitate to enter into the competition, and the Little Schoolma'am hopes to hear from a great many young folk, eager to set their wits to work and win a prize.

Address all communications for this competition to The Little Schoolma'am, Care of ST. NICHOLAS, The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

The report awarding the prizes will appear in the December number.

SUMMARY OF PRIZES OFFERED.

- 1 FIRST PRIZE.—\$10.00 for the best answer.
- 3 SECOND PRIZES.—\$5.00 each, for the three next best.
- 5 THIRD PRIZES.—\$2.00 each, for the five next best.
- 15 FOURTH PRIZES.—\$1.00 each, for the fifteen next best.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have traveled a good deal in Europe and other countries these last few years, and have seen many famous buildings.

In India we saw lots of curious things and had a delightful time, except for the inconvenience of not having any drinking-water, or at least any that Americans would call fit.

When my mother and father went out to a dinner-party they each had to take a servant to stand behind their chairs and wait on them. It must seem queer to most people over here, but there it was the regular custom and is considered only polite.

Most of the houses there are very picturesque with all of their beautiful eastern hangings, panels, and various draperies.

We spent six months in India and then went to Dresden, where the wonderful gallery of art is, and we saw the beautiful pictures. I think that Dresden is a lovely city, but I had more fun in India, where everything was so new and strange.

I enjoy you immensely and had my cousin forward you to me when I was abroad, for you see I changed my address so often. I remain your faithful reader,

Alice N. S—.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a nice time I had last summer when I was down on Cape Cod. Mama, my sisters, some friends, and myself went out

for a row on the river; we rowed for quite a while, when all of a sudden we found we could row no further; the tide was low and we were stuck on the sand.

We enjoyed ourselves for about an hour watching the fish and eels that were covered with phosphorescence; they sparkled and rather frightened us for they would dart so quickly when we least expected it. We played games until mama thought we had better row home. A friend stood up in the bow of the boat to tell us what way to go. We stuck several times but finally got out where the water was deep. Every time we rowed a stroke the water would gladden with phosphorescence.

I am your interested reader, FLORENCE D—.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For over a month I have been wishing to write and tell you what a comfort you were to a poor "sister," when there were two little girls and a small, but very energetic, boy to be amused through an attack of the measles. They all were sick at the same time, and upon me fell the pleasant duty of reading aloud, as our mother had her time sufficiently occupied making chicken-soup and blanc-mange for the invalids.

I don't know what I should have done without the piles of old ST. NICKS in the children's-room, for many and varied were the subjects I was requested to read about. And little Dick spent most of the time, when he was not occupied in dropping things over the ledge of his bed for the fun of standing on his head to reach them before I

caught him, hunting up articles he thought would be specially interesting, and as soon as I came in the room he would point to a heap of ten or twelve numbers and wave me to a chair with a graceful gesture of his little speckled legs. And he would really keep quiet as long as I read.

All of them are well now, and planning for fun when they go to visit our aunt; but little Dick is pegging away at his first reader so he can learn to read "The Boy of the First Empire" to himself.

I am so glad vacation has come, for I studied a good deal last winter preparing for college, and I went to my tutor in the evening instead of morning and found it very inconvenient, because when I was free my friends were at school and vice versa.

I am afraid this letter will be too long, but I want to tell you something my little sister said one day. She was walking down the garden walk with mother and stopped to admire a beautiful butterfly poised, with quivering wings, on a rose: "Mama," she said with a puzzled look, "what makes this flutterby wink his leaves so?"

I must close now, as there is some more practice "to make my hair straight and make my nose curl" to be done by your devoted reader,
"KITTYWINKS."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend lent me some of your lovely magazines, and I like them so much mama is going to buy them for me every month. I have nothing much to do but read, and I enjoy them very much.

I am an invalid. I have been in bed a year, but the last few months I have been in a wheel-chair so that now I can look out of the window and be rolled from one room to the other.

I fell on roller skates about six years ago which caused a disease of the spine. I am sixteen years old. I have not been to school in four years. From one of your loving readers,
FLORENCE MAUDE K—.

PARIS, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl living in Paris and go to a convent school. Papa goes across the river to the other side of the city every month, expressly to get you, for I really think I could not do without you.

With my brother I have great times going over the scenes described in your story of the "Boy of the First Empire." It seems more real to see the actual ground.

Some time ago I was taken to see the grave of General Lafayette, which is in a cemetery back of the grounds of the Convent of Picpus, in a far-away part of Paris. We entered the gate of the convent and there were met by the concierge, who was a very good-hearted little old woman, and showed us first the very wall that Victor Hugo, in "Les Misérables," says Jean Valjean climbed over with little Cosette on his back. Then she led us down through some beautiful gardens, which were kept very neat and clean, and through a gate in a wall. We were now in a little cemetery where several noble families are buried. In a far corner we found the tomb of dear Lafayette. A large, flat, plain-looking gray slab of stone covered his grave. A small United States flag stood at one side, and a neat grave-decoration presented by the Patriotic Order of the Sons of America was on the other side. Beside him lay his wife, who had a tombstone very much like his own, and several of his family were buried near by.

To the left of the grave was an iron gate in a high wall. Through this we could see a monument in the midst of beautiful bushes and flowers. In this little quiet corner of Paris are buried thirteen hundred or more people who were beheaded during the terrible Revolution of 1789. Their bodies were thrown into a

pit here. Among them was the body of General Beauharnais, the Empress Josephine's first husband. His head was cut off during the Reign of Terror.

We felt very sad as we stood by the grave of Lafayette and thought over this horrible history; but we felt glad also that, after all the great Lafayette did for our country, his fate was not so terrible. A peaceful death brought him to this quiet grave, where all true Americans who can should come to honor his name.

Coming out we saw two funny little fat nuns dressed in gray, going around muttering prayers. The concierge gave me two beautiful pansies, plucked from the garden, which I shall always keep in remembrance of Lafayette's grave.

With many wishes for your prosperity, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I remain your devoted reader,

ANNA LOUISE LEHMAN.

OUR readers will find in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1892, page 643, an interesting story by Victor Mapes, of two patriotic American boys who decorated Lafayette's grave one Fourth of July in Paris a few years ago.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not quite seven years old but I have been reading your magazine a long time. I have six brothers but no sisters. We are spending the summer on the seashore. I love to wade and catch crabs. We had a big time on the Fourth of July, I never saw fireworks before in summer. We always have them at Christmas.

Your constant reader,

EMILY M—.

THE MANSE, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of thirteen years of age. I am a constant reader of your magazine, but I have never written to you before. I have read many interesting letters which have been published in your Letter Box, but none from Cape Colony. I dare say some of your readers would like to hear something of life in this country. The town I live in is a border town. It is surrounded by a chain of mountains, and it is about 160 miles from the sea. A few miles to the east of it is Kaffir Land. The town is the center of a wide agricultural district. Many of the farmers in the neighborhood keep ostriches. I would like to tell you of a little adventure I once had with an ostrich when I was on a visit to a farm with my father. I had an air-gun and wished to use it. I got tired of waiting for my father to come out with me, as he was speaking to the farmer so I slipped away by myself. I went into one of the camps to try to shoot some pigeons which I saw there. They flew off to some little distance and I followed them up, but each time I came within range of them they flew a little further on. I had followed them up for about 200 yards when I suddenly became aware of a large ostrich about 300 yards in front of me. He was coming along toward me, but as I had often been in the camps before, and had found the ostriches harmless, I took no notice of him. But this time a pair of them had a nest, and this was the male bird of the pair. Presently he began to run toward me, then lay down and flapped his wings on the ground. I was rather surprised and alarmed at this proceeding, and, turning round, I ran as hard as I could toward the nearest fence; but as soon as he saw me turn he got up and charged after me. The harder I ran the faster he came on. After I had run about fifty yards I looked over

my shoulder and just behind me was the ostrich, a great mass of fluttering feathers. In another second I received such a blow on the back that I shot forward about ten yards and then fell, plowing along the ground for some distance. Fortunately, the ostrich had been running too fast to kick at me, and had simply run over me, striking me with his breast. He could not stop at once but ran on some distance ahead, then turned and came back to where I was lying. He then proceeded to jump on me, coming down with his full weight on my side. He repeated this several times, and then I became unconscious. When I came to my senses there were several Kaffirs with my father and the farmer standing round me. Each Kaffir had a long, forked stick keeping off the ostrich that still careered round about us. They helped me home to the farm and I lay in bed nearly all day. I had received two ugly gashes on the side of my forehead, and my ribs were so sore that I could hardly walk from the pain in them. This is an experience which I think none of your American readers can have had. I hope this account of my adventure will be interesting to them. I am your interested reader,

DOUGLAS R. R.—

BRISTOL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer in Bristol and it is a very interesting place. There is part of the old house Captain Benjamin Church used to live in who killed King Philip on Mt. Hope. The house is two hundred and fourteen years old.

The other day I rode to Mt. Hope and saw the chair, made of rock, King Philip used to hold his councils in, and also the place where he was killed.

He was killed near a spring, so it is called King Philip's Spring. Hoping you will publish this I remain, your great admirer,

HELEN C. R.—

DIGBY, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is our second summer in Digby. Digby is a little town on the Annapolis Basin about six miles from the Gut, a strait connecting the Basin with the Bay of Fundy. On each side of Digby is a deep bay, one called the Racquette, the other the Joggin. The tide here rises from twenty-six to thirty feet and at low tide both bays are bare. At high tide the two- and three-masted schooners, which were stranded in the mud, float and sail out in safety.

We were told, the other day by a "city chap," that the tide rises and falls twice in the twenty-four hours. He seemed to think it was something extraordinary and unheard of. I wonder where he came from.

Digby is a very interesting town. It boasts four or five hotels. But the chief interest is the fishing village.

On the Racquette there are six wharves, all in a state of fishiness and oldness, more or less. To these wharves come the fishing-boats with their crews of jolly fishermen and their barrels of fish. Some are dirty, some are clean. When the former come in it is best to go to another wharf.

Yesterday a small sloop came in. The crew, four with the captain, stood on deck with the ropes, one out on the bowsprit ready to jump on shore. The men leaped on shore and fastened the ropes, and then they put on their oil-skins preparatory to unloading the fish.

Then with pitchforks they threw the fish up on the wharf. The fish, cleaned and partly salted, slipped and

slid in all directions, but the men did not care, catching them up they tossed them on the wharf again. It was Saturday afternoon so the fish were not weighed but covered with a sail. They still lie on the wharf while the men saunter about, for it pours to-day.

Digby is beautiful! There is no such air anywhere! Though we wear our "red, white, and blue," and remember "Uncle Sam" and our dear New York, we shall be sorry to leave Digby.

Friday at an entertainment they ended with "God save the Queen." The Queen's flag floats from boats and houses; but our flag, "The Star Spangled Banner," proudly beckons to the breezes from the mastheads of many pleasure-boats, and the tops of the cottages taken for the summer by families from the States.

Yours sincerely, VIRGINIA O.—

NATURAL BRIDGE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICK for more than ten years and know I could not get along without it. And I like especially the letters, but I have never yet seen one written from this place.

I like "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" better than any story published, and after that "A Boy of the First Empire." I live within one hundred yards of the Celebrated Natural Bridge, the "Seventh Wonder of the World." Looking from our front porch one can see, in the distance, Thunder Ridge, the highest point of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and at its base winds the historic James River. We have three dogs: "Flush," an Irish setter, a Scotch collie named "Glory," and "Chimmie Fadden," a yellow bull-pup. I remain your constant reader,

H. G. E.—

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in San José, the "Garden City," which is about fifty miles from San Francisco.

I used to live in Columbus, Ohio, but my parents moved to San José when I was eight years old. I live about twenty-two miles from Mt. Hamilton on which is situated the Great Lick Observatory. I went there once and stayed all day and it was all explained to me. Professor Barnard showed us the Dog-star through the twelve-inch telescope. But we were not allowed to look through the large one as they only allow you to look through the big telescope on Saturday nights. We can see the domes, in which are the telescopes, every day. There are a great many interesting things to see there. I saw the wind-machine that tells how fast the wind blows an hour, and the machine that measures the rainfall, and the great tall clocks that keep time for all California.

I remain, Your little friend, MARIE B.—

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them:

Corinne DeZeller, Ethel Ames Tyler, Josie A. S., Oscar Baumgart, Lambert H., Florence Strong, Bertie B., Russell Fawcett, Winifred Warner, Myra Lloyd Musser, Mary A. Spencer, Lucy B. G., Alice M., Marie Baldwin, Clara V. Becker, Mary Chandler Draper, Willie C. E., Georgette P. P., Natalie C. O., C. V. Briggs, C. Evstaphie C., Jean Aiken, Maynard Grover, Elizabeth B. S., Alice G. E., Ellen S. A., Sadie A., Kate H., William P., Dunham Jackson.

RIDDLE

THE

BOX



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Mob. 3. Mourn. 4. Bouquet. 5. Brunt. 6. Net. 7. T.

STAR PUZZLE. From 2 to 1, needs; 3 to 2, grain; 3 to 4, guess; 4 to 1, soars; 5 to 4, files; 5 to 6, fakir; 6 to 1, rends; 7 to 6, floor; 7 to 8, fears; 8 to 1, stars; 9 to 8, opals; 9 to 10, opera; 10 to 1, atlas; 11 to 10, aroma; 11 to 12, alter; 12 to 1, rills; 12 to 13, refer; 13 to 2, ripen.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES. 1. K-in-k. 2. Y-earl-y. 3. S-par-a. 4. S-light-a. 5. S-pore-a. 6. T-wit-t. 7. S-team-a. 8. Y-east-y. 9. S-late-s. 10. S-wing-s.

RHOMBIC. 1. Bane. 2. Tome. 3. Dial. 4. Trim. 5. Near. 6. Fret.

OCTAGONS. 1. Bat. 2. Blurt. 3. Augur. 4. Truly. 5. Try. 6. Net. 7. Erase. 8. Tasty. 9. Hey.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from M. McG. G. B. Dyer—"Tod and Yam"—Walter L. Haight—"Shrimp"—Florence E. Goldschmidt—"Clive"—Blanche and Fred—K. S. B. and A. N. L.—Pearl F. Stevens—"Owl's Nest Club"—Josephine Sherwood—Franklyn Farnsworth—Grace E. Sherman—"Jersey Quartette"—Paul Reese—Emily B. Dunning—Harold M. Case—Donald S. and Isabel H. Noble—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Emily Russell and Nicholas Blecker—"Merry and Co."—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—Daisy B. Allen—Helen C. McCleary—Robert S. Clement—Mary Lester and Harry—"Fallsburg"—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from "Connecticut Trio," 1—Anna M. Lewis, 1—"Wisdom," 2—Howard Dingle, 1—Theron G. Yeomans, Jr., 2—"Coquettes," 3—G. C. R. Kelly, 1—Lydia and W. Maxwell Moore, 2—Alida F. Brown and Mary E. Bogardus, 1—M. E. H., 2—Chas. J. Harriman, 1—Ruth Cutter, 9—Ingeborg, Margaret Sinclair and Co., 5—Anna A. Coleman, 3—"Flower that Blooms," 2—Marjorie Lewis, 1—Robt. M. Mathews, 1—"Trudie Wah, 6—Lelia M. Tyler, 1—Grace Busenark, 1—Helen Jones, 2—Margaret M. Reeve, 3—Alfred G. B. Steel, 1—Herbert S. Abraham, 4—Clara W. and Bessie C. Chambers and Robt. E. Hopkins, 5—Katharine E. Selden, 1—"Trilby," 3—C. L. F., 1—C. L. Field and G. A. Lawlor, 1—Edith Fernald, 1—J. Bertram Mitchell, 1—Meta Mencke, 3—J. Merchant, 2—E. Marion Prescott, 1—H. O. Koepfer, 4—"Two Huckleberries," 7—Emily Hunter, 1—Samuel G. Friedman, 1—Abby S. Howell, 1—Oscar Baumgart, 1—Arthur K. Porter and Louise H. Merritt, 2—N. C., 4—Louisa E. Jones, 8—Uncle Will and Ed, 3—Uncle Will and Fannie, 8—Helen Richards, 1—J. Honora Swartz, 7—Dana Crawford, 10—Lucius Tuttle, 9—"Nip and Tuck," 3—"Goosequill," 2—L. B. Shaw and B. B. and K. Lyon, 1—Roger Toll, 3—M. B. Twelver, 2—John Coolidge, 9—C. V. Briggs, 2—"The Trio," 4—Edith De Baun, 2—E. D. P., 2—George Heil Adams, 9—"Knott Innit," 9—Georgia Bugbee, 10—George S. Corlew, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 10—"Trenton Trio," 9—Alma Steiner, 5—Rebecca W., 2—Charles Travis, 10—Katharine D. Hull, 2—"Five Cousins," 7—"Sporting Pig," 3—Mary Pratt, 4—Mama and Marguerite Feldpauche, 1—"Devonites," 4—"Jacobii," 10—"Gabrielle-Marie," 3—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—Ellen Jewett, 5—Helen Rogers, 10—Catharine G. Welch, 1—"Houltonites," 4—M. S. Williams, 5—"Two Little Brothers," 10—Adelaide M. Gaither, 1—Burgess and Almé St. J., 9—Dorothy Green, 10—M. Louise Baldwin, 4—Harry and Roy Williams, 10—"Two Romans," 6—Eugene R. Walter, 1—Laura M. Zinser, 6—Oslytel H. C., 1—Paul Rowley, 9—Ehel and Edna, 2—Bob Bright, 7—James Maynard, Jr., and his father, 10—Azro and Charles Lewis, 2—C. S. W., 9—"Three Little Maids from Edgewater," 10—Frederica Yeager, 8—Sigmund Fay Nininger, 10—"The Butterflies," 9—"Tweedledum and Tweedledee," 7—Hans and Otto Wolkwitz, 7—No Name, Hackensack, 9—"The Quartette," 3—Herbert A. Alex. and H. George H., 3—Jo and I, 10—Albert Smith Faught, 9—Harry and Helen, 8.

HIDDEN GRAINS OF CORN.

EXAMPLE: Find a grain of corn in the name of a famous French author. Answer, Corn-eille.

1. Find one in the name of one of Shakspeare's heroines.

2. Find one in a musical instrument.

3. Find one in the fruit of an oak.

4. Find one in an English poet's pen-name.

5. Find one in a retired place.

6. Find one in an emblem of abundance.

7. Find one in an architectural projection.

JULIA B. CHICK.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name given to quite a large body of water.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common quadruped. 2. Wisdom. 3. Frighted. 4. To deserve. 5. To entertain

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Irving. 1. Ink. 2. Rabbit. 3. Vulture. 4. Ibis. 5. Nut. 6. Guitar.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARE. I. 1. Able. 2. Boil. 3. Link. 4. Elks. II. 1. Card. 2. Away. 3. Race. 4. Dyer. III. 1. Sand. 2. Afar. 3. Name. 4. Drew. IV. 1. Wood. 2. Ogle. 3. Olga. 4. Dear. V. 1. Wren. 2. Ripe. 3. Epic. 4. Neck.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, beam; 1 to 3, baked; 2 to 4, match; 3 to 4, ditch; 5 to 6, naked; 5 to 7, nizam; 6 to 8, dated; 7 to 8, moved; 1 to 5, ban; 2 to 6, mad; 4 to 8, bod; 3 to 7, dim.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Horseshoe. Cross-words: 1. boHea. 2. alOos. 3. caRts. 4. baSin. 5. crEek. 6. baSte. 7. apHia. 8. clOga. 9. blEnd.—WORD PUZZLE. Head.

with food or drink. 6. A heavenly body. 7. Separates. 8. A mistake. 9. A small venomous serpent. 10. To disturb or irritate. 11. Liberated. 12. The best part of a joke. 13. A cross, ill-tempered woman.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

QUINCUNX.

ACROSS: 1. A Shakespearean character. 2. To take food. 3. To be delicious. 4. The evening before a holiday. 5. Certain days in the Roman calendar.

DIAGONALLY, beginning at the lower, left-hand. 1. A letter from Russia. 2. A color. 3. To go away from. 4. The lower edges of a roof. 5. The goddess of revenge. 6. A letter from Russia. HULME.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FRAGMENT. 2. An article of furniture. 3. To lift. 4. A passage. 5. To arrange, as birds arrange their feathers.

"JERSEY QUARTETTE."

INTERSECTING WORDS.

1 . . 5 . . 3

 4 . . 6 . . 2

CROSSWORDS: 1. By degrees. 2. Cooked over coals. 3. A storehouse for grain. 4. To injure by false reports. 5. Pacified. 6. Items entered in a book. 7. Conjectured.

From 1 to 2, bestowed; from 3 to 4, tendency; from 5 to 6, certain meals.

HERBERT W. ELLIS.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated American writer.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and forty-nine letters, and form a quotation from Colton's "Lacon."

My 64-13-39-23 is delicate. My 121-109-57-47 is network. My 92-30-107-18 is crippled. My 7-100-88-147-103 is quaked. My 25-97-33-111-15 is a quick puff of smoke. My 74-2-137-143-70 are useful animals. My 135-21-67-52-50 is part of a saw. My 115-94-5-118-82 is much discussed by bicyclers. My 41-90-72-76-43 are freaks. My 86-145-35-140-132 is a very hard metallic substance. My 11-49-54-28-129 are animals of the hog kind. My 37-9-127-122-14 is a

bundle of grain or straw. My 89-113-80-149-32 is a cub. My 22-124-61-45-78 is a large quadruped. My 120-105-59-144-65-133-16 is a prickly plant. My 46-101-63-83-26-142 is the name of several cereal and forage grasses. My 68-131-117-1-95-19 is to hurry. My 99-96-85-108-75-36 is writhes. My 71-81-55-112-66-114-4 is a large animal belonging to the cat family. My 29-93-38-139-104-141-84 is rumor. My 146-110-42-20-56-3-79 is the golden-winged woodpecker. My 31-98-87-106-24-6-148-123 is attitude. My 12-73-119-116-138-34-91-102-126 is artful. My 58-48-77-8-136-62-128-10-125-53 is outlandish. My 40-17-51-60-27-44-69-130-134 is an animal with a big hump on the back.

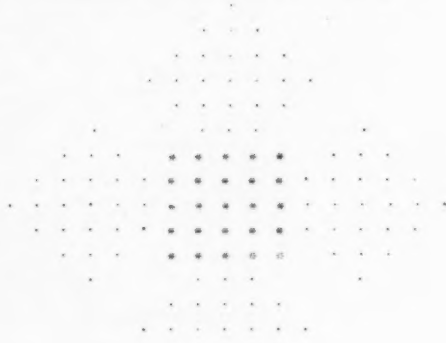
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

1. READ forward, I am a time of feasting and jollity; read backward, I am a mechanical power.
2. Forward, a little article found in every work-basket; backward, folds or doublings of thread.
3. Forward, an enlarged root; backward, to repulse.
4. Forward, dress; backward, to boast.
5. Forward, a dull color; backward, a poet.
6. Forward, a popular sport; backward, to whip severely.
7. Forward, to subsist; backward, wrong-doing.
8. Forward, a blow with the hand; backward, vulgar associates.
9. Forward, guardianship; backward, to sketch.
10. Forward, a planet; backward, rodents.

PLEASANT E. TODD.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In stupid. 2. A small animal. 3. Fast. 4. Became gradually smaller. 5. A rod with a short crosspiece at the end. 6. A cave. 7. In stupid.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In wrapped. 2. A label. 3. An instructor. 4. Irrigated. 5. Pierced. 6. A color. 7. In wrapped.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A portable chair. 2. In good season. 3. Musical instruments. 4. Egyptian dancing-girls. 5. A genus of trees or shrubs.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In coast. 2. To cover the top or end of. 3. A fowl. 4. Useful in cleaning. 5. One of the Anthozoa. 6. To bite. 7. In coast.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In doses. 2. A play upon words. 3. Attendants. 4. Sweetened. 5. Courage. 6. To notice. 7. In doses. "JERSEY QUARTETTE."

